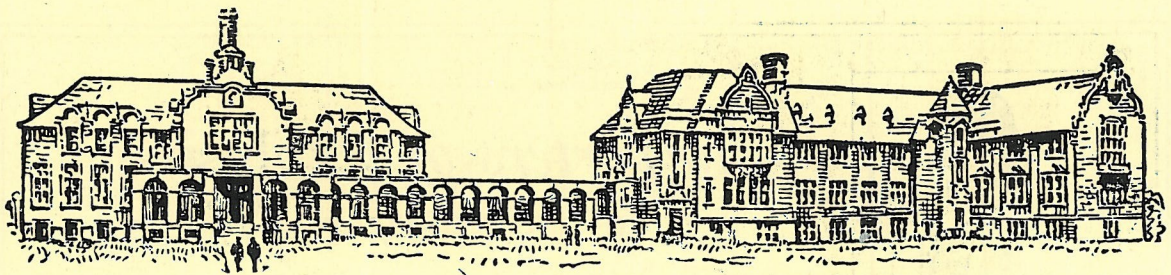


1921



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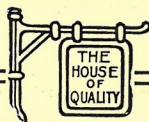
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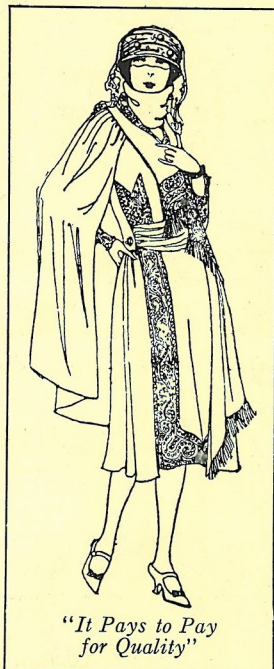
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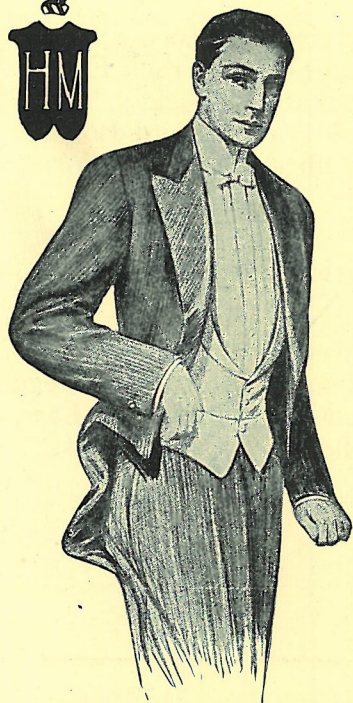
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1921

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No. 7

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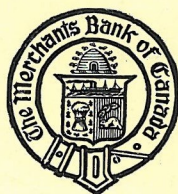
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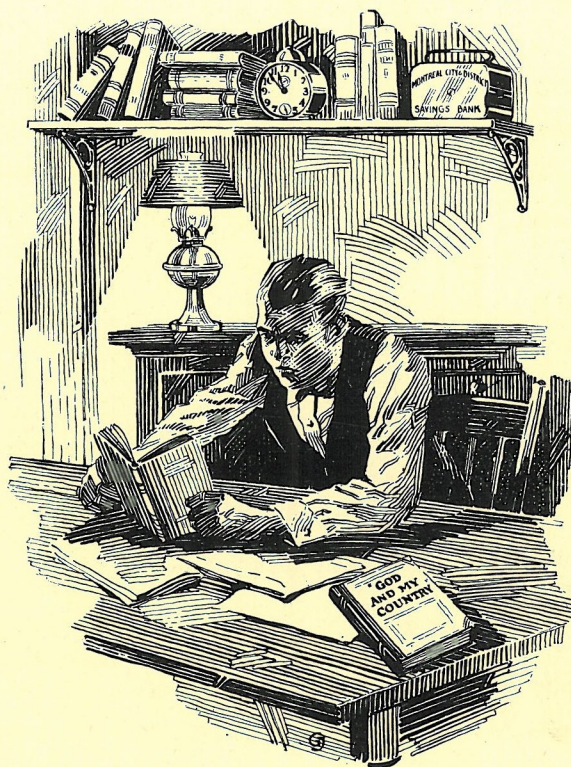
BANQUE D'HOCHELAGA

ESTABLISHED IN 1874

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BE LOYAL! Loyalty is the first duty of a good citizen.
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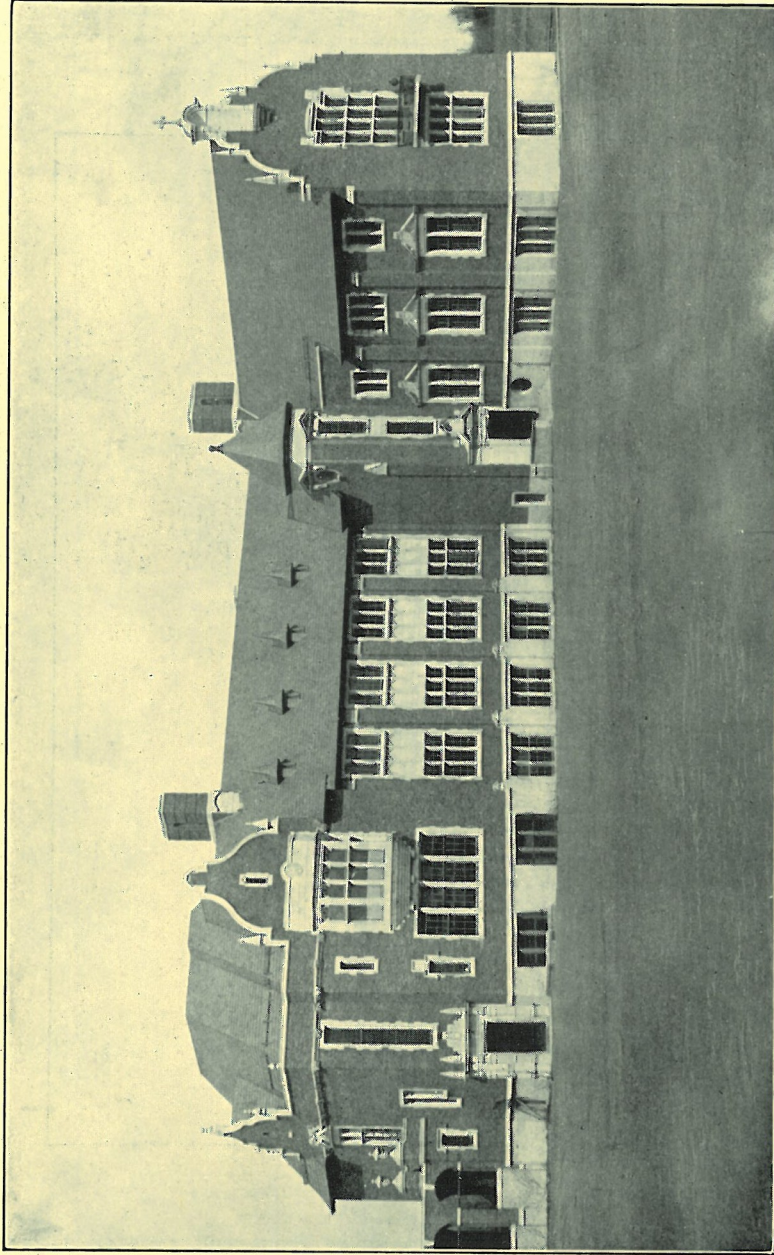
A. P. LESPERANCE, General Manager

T. TAGGART SMYTH, Ass't General Manager

LOYOLA SONG

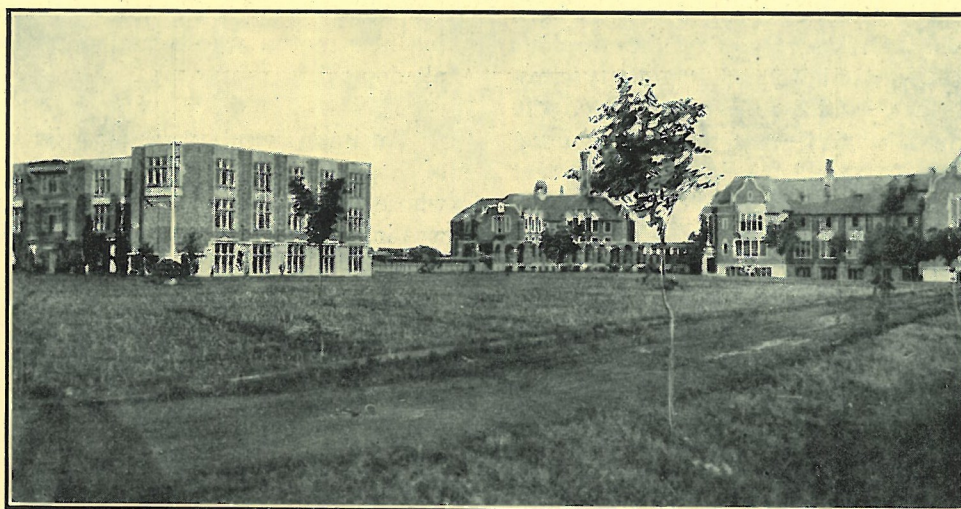
Sons of Old Loyola,
There's a chorus ere we go,
Homage to Alma Mater,
Her glories how well we know;
Come then, all, all together,
In praise let our voices ring,
In life's sunniest hours, aye ever,
It's Loyola, Loyola we sing.

Unseen will years steal on us,
Manhood soon dawn on all,
Leaving of college pleasures
Naught but memory's call;
Even then, still together,
In praise will our voices ring,
In life's sunniest hours, aye ever,
It's Loyola, Loyola we'll sing.



THE JUNIOR BLOCK

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1921

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 7

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Editorial

THIS has been in many ways a year of unusual blessings. In the first place, as this is mainly a students' record, we are happy to have registered three hundred and sixty-eight boys during the past ten months, an increase of one hundred in three years.

✦ ✦

Owing to the limited space at our disposal

before the recent successful drive had enabled us to enlarge the main building, we have always had a waiting list of applicants for admission; but that list is now much smaller than in previous years, because all our space has been increased by class-rooms, private rooms, and a very large hall for lectures and entertainments of all kinds in the new storey, which was com-

pleted a few months ago and which provides sufficient accommodation for the time being.

✦ ✦

Another motive for gratitude to God is the generally good health of the students, due in part to the exceptional mildness and shortness of last winter, the early and fine spring and summer. Not only has there been no epidemic of any sort among the dwellers in this college; but we rather proudly chronicle the fact—which reflects credit on the college commissariat—that two of our young athletes, at the recent inter-school meet arranged by McGill University, have been disqualified on account of overweight.

fervent members of the Administration who are more interested in crops than in athletic sports, and who realized that the only drawback to this beautiful summer was the thirstiness of the soil through the prolonged reception of dry days. But should we not all rejoice that our temporary inconvenience has inured to the general benefit of the surrounding farmers, on whose lasting prosperity we all depend.

✦ ✦

An immeasurably greater grief is the loss of those three distinguished and devoted men whose career, briefly sketched in this issue, was intimately bound up with Loyola: Father



STAFF OF REVIEW

C. Scott, C. Carroll, J. Quinlan, J. Hebert, E. MacCaffrey, T. Walsh, Wm. Brennan.

In the matter of weather the only untoward event was the great downpour of rain on the afternoon of our projected and widely heralded Field-Day on the eleventh of June. This necessitated our postponing the great event to the fifteenth of the month, which, had it not been for the printers' strike, would have been too late for this year's Review now at last appearing with satisfaction to Mr. Kieran, who has proved himself so able and skilful a representative of his enterprising firm. Some disgruntled Loyola wags have, in their disappointment, gone so far as to lay the blame for the heavy shower on the efficacy of the prayers of Mr. Kieran and particularly

Kavanagh, Dr. McCarthy, and Father Alex. Gagnieur. As all three were pre-eminently men who walked with God, our mourning is more for ourselves than for them, though of course we should pray that they may soon enter into everlasting rest. One was a great physician who realized the power of the human soul as a curative factor. Another was skilled in pointing out how that factor could itself be cured of its weakness and strengthen its heavenward course. The third, just as deeply religious, aimed at exhibiting the creative and constantly energizing power of God as revealed in the heavens that show forth his glory, and in those marvels of physics and chemistry

which are daily unfolding new secrets of unimaginable depth.

✦ ✦

Though we are naturally inclined to think our own year the most important, we must, however, concede that the coming year will rank in importance above that which is just so happily passed. For September next will



REV. ED. LESSARD, S. J.

witness the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first beginnings of Loyola College, and with this year then beginning will be the College's Silver Jubilee year. What festivities will mark this year we do not profess to know, but we surmise that the spirit of the present boys, the pride and affection of the Old Boys for their Alma Mater and the deep interest of the friends who have watched the development of the college, and expect greater things for the future, will not allow these twenty-five years of devotedness and of success to pass unnoticed.

✦ ✦

The Old Boys' Association has not yet developed as it should. It is yearly becoming easier to organize into a body of respectable size because each year adds to the number of Old Boys. Moreover, the need of uniting

together makes itself more urgently felt each year. Letters reach us from so many parts, and interest is manifested from so many quarters, that a really active Old Boys' Association is bound to come. It simply has to. The wonder is that it has not developed sooner.

The President of the Loyola Old Boys' Association, Major George Vanier, D.S.O., etc., etc., places the blame upon himself and upon his prolonged but unavoidable absence from Montreal. Rev. Father Rector, Moderator of the Association, also blames himself; but others exonerate him on the score of so many other duties. Our secretary, John Fitzgerald, who has sufficient energy for several



REV. H. F. BARTLEY, C.S.S.R.

men, has expended enough for five in his Merchants' Association, of which he is the soul. Meanwhile ours drags on. But just wait till September.

✦ ✦

The Boys' Retreat, preached, from September the 29th to October 3rd, by Father William J. Stanton, of New York, is one that has left a lasting impression. Father Stanton, who is well on in the sixties, brought to

bear on the student soul the rich and varied experience of a man whose reputation as a preacher of missions is among the greatest in the United States. And yet there was not the slightest attempt to touch the high and inevitably screechy keys of what is often called popular oratory. He simply talked heart to heart with the boys, in the most natural and earnest way, buttonholing the very youngest with his appeals to their vivid though limited experience of life. The result was in the first place keen interest on the boys' side; secondly, honest self-examina-

The most important and impressive visit Loyola has been honoured with is that of the Rt. Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, P.C., G.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, accompanied most graciously by Lady Fitzpatrick. The afternoon of the sixteenth of May, 1921, was blessed with the finest kind of bright weather, providentially worthy of this first visit of any Lieutenant-Governor to Loyola College. On his arrival his Honour inspected his guard of honour supplied by the L. C. Officers' Training Corps, and then met the Very



NEW PRIESTS FROM LOYOLA

Rev. A. MacDonald, Rev. Jos. Bergin, Rev. F. J. MacDonald,
Rev. W. MacManus, Rev. R. Cloran.

tion; and finally strong resolutions which, as the past year has proved have borne abundant fruit.

✦ ✦

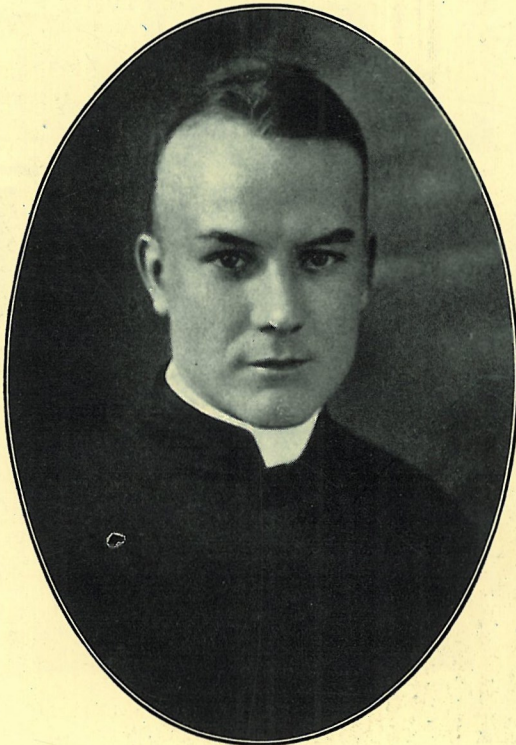
A special word of thanks is due to those who laboured in the advertising department of the Review. Results were very satisfactory. It is odious to make any distinction, but we are especially grateful to J. Hebert and E. McCaffrey for their untiring and persevering efforts in a work that was not at all times pleasant.

✦ ✦

The group photographs in this Review are due to Mr. P. J. Gordon, to whom also we are indebted for the excellent portrait of Fr. Kavanagh.

Rev. Fr. Provincial and the College Faculty, after which he reviewed our Cadet Corps on the splendid ten-acre campus behind the college buildings. Then was read in the open air to Sir Charles an address which delicately hinted at his having resigned the Chief Justiceship of Canada—an office which entailed his becoming the King's direct representative whenever the Governor-General of Canada was temporarily absent from the Dominion—in order to identify himself more closely with that mother-province of Quebec in which he was born and began his exceptionally brilliant career. To this address His Honour replied that he was proud of his native province and her Catholic colleges. He himself had been educated at the Collège de Sainte-Anne de la

Pocatière in the days when board and tuition cost only ninety dollars a year. That venerable building had lately been burned down, and the generosity of the Catholics in this Province was manifested by the immediate subscription of four hundred thousand dollars to rebuild Sainte-Anne. Moreover the Quebec Legislature had recently voted



REV. THOMAS BRACKEN
Newly Ordained.

four million dollars to encourage university education by repairing the damage caused by fire to the Université de Montréal in this city and by furnishing funds for that University as well as for Laval and for McGill.

He could safely say that no country in the world is so well provided with higher

educational facilities as is the Province of Quebec.

Later on, that evening of May 16th, a banquet was tendered to Sir Charles in the largest dining hall of the college by the Rector and Faculty, supported by many devoted friends of Loyola. The distinguished guest, finding a congenial audience, spoke with more than his usual incisive eloquence, emphasizing his points with an earnestness that was positively irresistible.

He insisted upon the fact that Loyola was now the only college in the Province of Quebec where Catholics could secure a perfect English training. Formerly a few of the many French-Canadian colleges of this province made some attempt to give an equal chance to the dominant language of Canada and the neighboring States; but now Loyola College is the only one in which young men are properly prepared by the highest kind of education to cope with the English-speaking enemies of the Catholic Church, whose name is legion. His practical conclusion was the imperative duty of English-speaking Catholics in this Province making every effort to develop this institution themselves and then making others realize the claims of this Catholic minority to a fuller recognition of its position and opportunities.

+ +

At the time of penning these editorials we have not yet seen the press work and photo-engravings of the Herald Press, which is getting out this edition. We have reason to hope it will be excellently done. But this we can already say, that to outdo this firm, and in particular its representative Mr. Kieran, with whom we have to deal, in attention and in courtesy, is an impossibility.

Plans For The Future

In life's great fight be mine the right
Of doing nought save justice
To ev'ry man for whom I can
Accomplish something righteous.

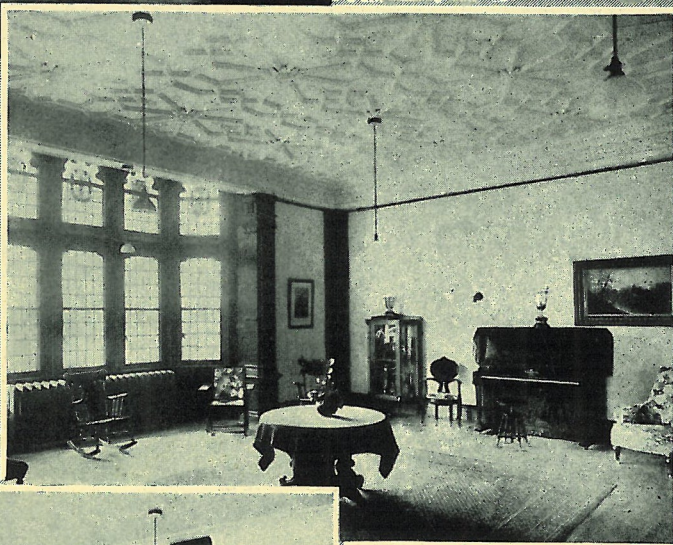
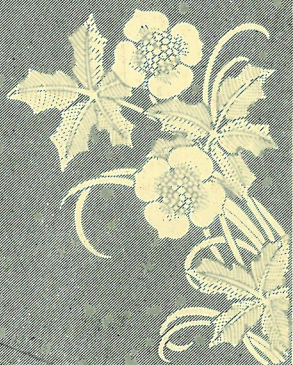
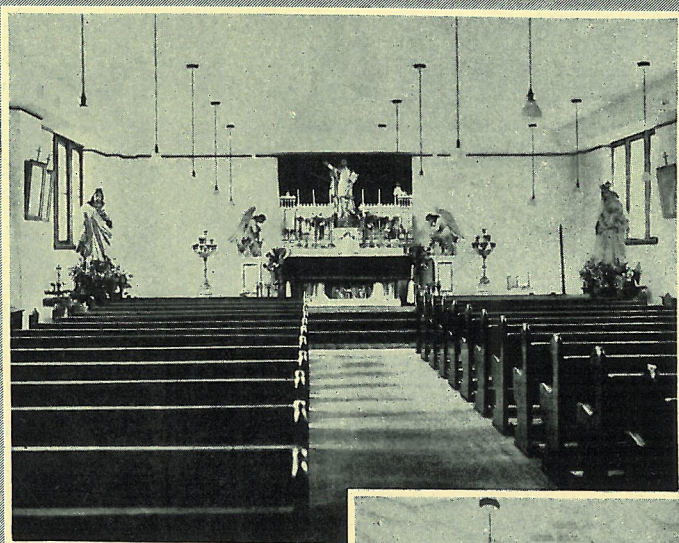
On this great road to our abode
Beyond the curving sky,

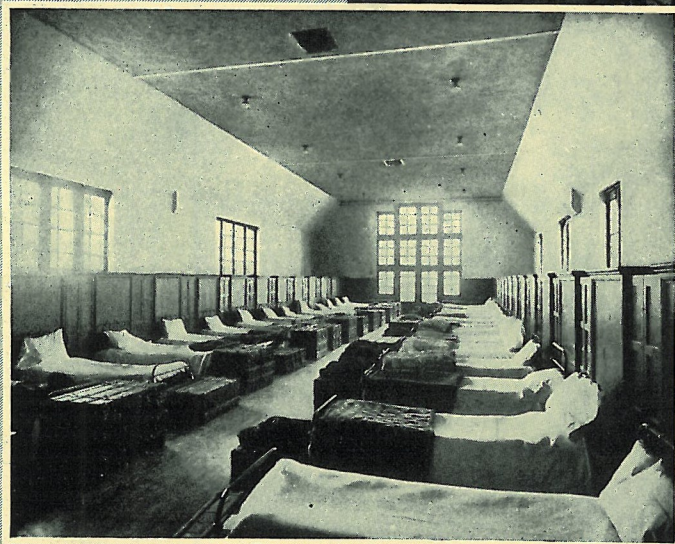
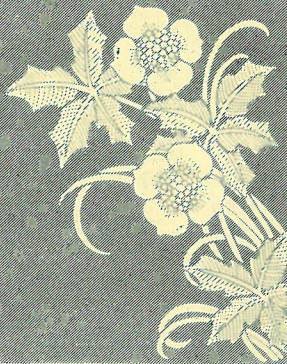
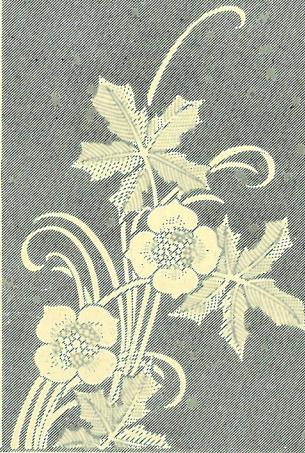
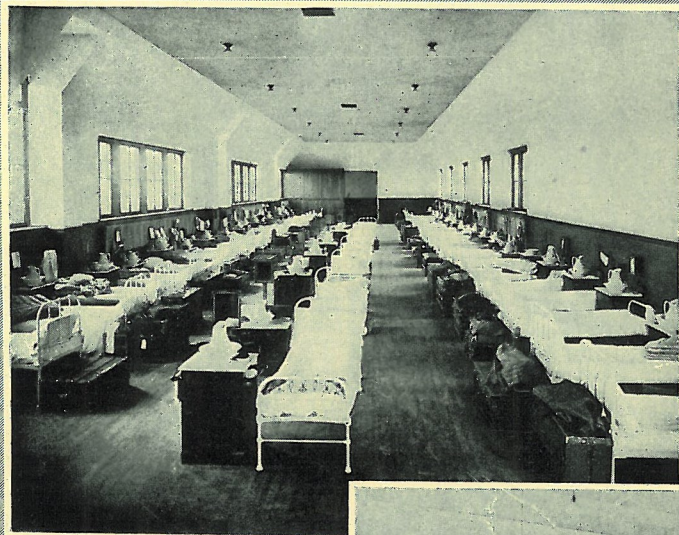
May I aid all, e'en those that fall
While fighting, e're they die.

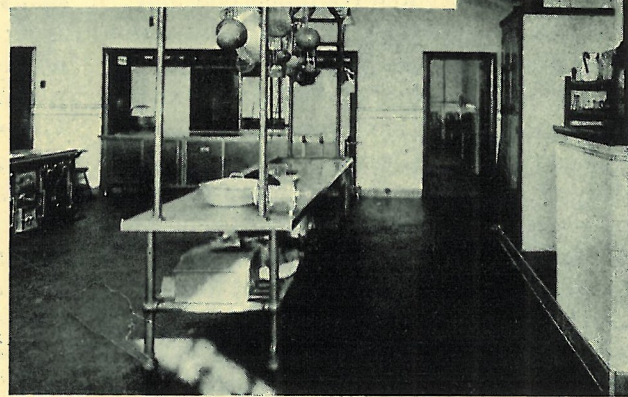
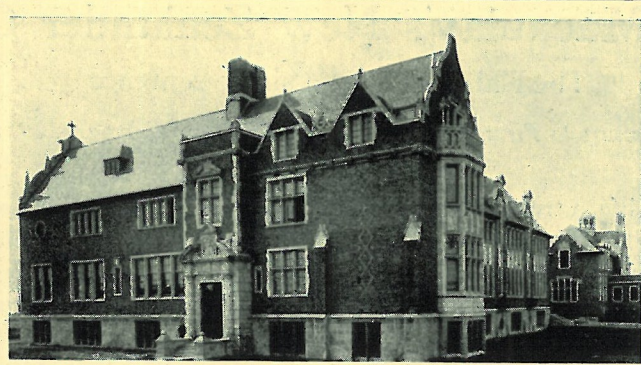
In foreign lands, on distant sands,
By friend or foe forsaken,
Be mine the part to soothe the heart
By woe and sorrow shaken.

Horatio P. Phelan, Arts '25.









How Macaulay's New Zealander Grew

The elaboration of a single sentence

A lecture to First Year Arts, Loyola College, February, 1921

IN Lord Macaulay's life, a truly remarkable one, so vividly portrayed by his nephew and biographer, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, nothing, to the student of character, is so remarkable as the combination of marvellous natural facility in memory and thought with painstaking diligence and continual polishing of style. Of this combination he himself was fully and proudly aware. In a letter to his sister Hannah he once wrote: "When I do sit down to work I work harder and faster than any person that I ever knew." But not always was his best work done fast. Some of it required years of elaboration. When a great or bright idea found lodgment in his mind he not only never forgot it, but he knew just where it lurked in his brain and could refurbish it at will. A striking instance of this patient chiselling of literary jewels is to be found in his various wordings of the thought that highly civilized nations might some day relapse into savagery—a thought, by the way, which in our own time has become a reality in Russia.

Macaulay had not yet completed his twenty-fourth year when he wrote, for Knight's Quarterly Magazine, a bitter, one-sided criticism of Mitford's History of Greece. After finding fault with the main points of that first realistic English history of the conflicts of Sparta with Athens, he blames Mitford for overlooking "that splendid literature from which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the western world;" then he devotes a metallically brilliant paragraph to the enumeration of the great writers of classical Rome, medieval Italy, modern France and England, who have been inspired by Greek genius; and finally concludes with all the fervor of his youthful exaggeration:—

"This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when

those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps travellers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts;—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control."

This last sentence seems to have been Macaulay's first sketch of a future tragic change in the destinies of England. To such an extent does it reflect the exuberance of youth that we shall find him gradually pruning it down to less than one-third of its present length and thereby giving to it more than three times its original force.

The second sketch of this idea appears in Macaulay's essay "Mill on Government," which was published for the first time—it has been reprinted innumerable times since—in the *Edinburgh Review* of March, 1829. Thomas Babington Macaulay, who was then only twenty-eight years old, wrote: "The civilized part of the world has now nothing to fear from the hostility of savage nations But is it possible that in the bosom of civilization itself may be engendered the malady which will destroy it? Is it possible that institutions may be established which, without the help of earthquake, of famine, of pestilence, or of the foreign sword, may undo the work of so many ages of wisdom and glory, and gradually sweep away taste, literature, science, commerce, manufactures, everything but the rude arts necessary to the support of animal life? [Now comes the forecast to which I wish especially to draw your attention:] *Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half*

naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes, the ruins of the greatest European cities—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals? If the principles of Mr. Mill be sound, we say, without hesitation, that the form of government which he recommends will assuredly produce all this."

The third expression of this dream of relapse into barbarism, occurs in Macaulay's *Journal*, quoted in Trevelyan's famous biography of his celebrated uncle. In that personal record, under date of November 22, 1838, we read this. A propos of a relic of antiquity, then recently unearthed in the city of Rome, and called "The Baker's Tomb," and of the learned discussions thereanent, whether 'apparet' is a shortened form of 'apparitoris,' Macaulay writes: "To indulge in a sort of reflection which I often fall into here, *the day may come when London, then dwindled to the dimensions of the parish of St. Martin's, and supported in its decay by the expenditure of wealthy Patagonians and New Zealanders, may have no more important questions to decide than the arrangement of*

*'Afflictions sore,
Long time I bore'*

on the gravestone of the wife of some baker in Houndsditch." Here we have the confession that this general idea of ruined splendor was familiar to him, for he says it is "a sort of reflection which I often fall into here." We have, moreover, the actual New Zealander supporting London in its decay. The fact that New Zealanders are bunched with Patagonians must be rather galling to the former, who now are among the most advanced legislators in the world, whereas Patagonians, 82 years after Macaulay's forecast, are still in a semi-savage state, and of the original race not more than one hundred are left.

Bearing in mind that the first effort was written by Macaulay in 1824, the second in 1829, and the third in 1838, we now come to the completed hypothetical prophecy. It occurs, as everyone knows, at the beginning of Macaulay's Essay on Von Ranke's History of the Popes. That essay was first published in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1840. After describing the unrivalled antiquity and unparalled success, growth and permanency of the Catholic Church, Macaulay says in his pic-

turesque way:—"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. *And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.*"

Observe how the gradual development of one idea was affected by the circumstances surrounding each date. The idea first took shape from the political aspect of England. Macaulay was always an echo of his day, what we should now call an up-to-date man. Writing in November, 1824, he could not help foreseeing the financial crash that came the next year, 1825, and spread desolation and anxiety over England after the ten years of prosperity which followed the victory of Waterloo. The year 1829 was full of prognostications of a Reform Bill near at hand, which actually became the law three years later in 1832, and added 500,000 to the voters' list, abolishing at the same time the aristocratic privilege of one nobleman controlling an entire constituency. Whig and Liberal though Macaulay was, he foresaw with alarm this inundation of the democratic and at that time illiterate element. Hence it is no wonder that, writing against Mill whose utilitarianism he successfully refuted, he should have envisaged as possible the complete ruin of the civilized world; and so we have a picture of semi-savagery covering the entire world, that is to say, the hopeless wiping out of civilization, unrelieved by any transoceanic prosperity.

But, in the nine years between 1829 and 1838 the world had moved and Macaulay with it. In 1833, the steamship *Royal William*, built at Quebec, was reported to have crossed the Atlantic in 21 days. In 1837, Captain Ericsson's screw steamer *Francis Bogden* had made ten miles an hour. So, in that same year 1837, Macaulay, writing in the July *Edinburgh Review*, represents Bacon describing the future triumphs of science and speaking of "ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind." Thus Macaulay, foreseeing the development of steam navigation, is quite ready to introduce into his third sketch the Patagonians, who at that time figured in several romances as the tallest and strongest race in the world;

and arguing rashly, as events have since proved, from the body to the mind, he prophesied for them a commercial success which has never even reached the embryonic stage. With his New Zealanders he had more facts to back him: for in 1838 their country had already had twenty-four years' experience as a progressive British colony. Hence the tone of his prophecy is more hopeful.

Two years more and he was ready for that perfect picture which, with its almost poetic cadence, sings its way into our memories. [Read again the italicized words at the end, emphasizing the marked iambic accents.] Note, by the way, how much shorter this finished product is than the two preceding attempts. The first contained 127 words; the second, 53; the third 60; the fourth and best, only 39; but not one of these 39 words can be altered without marring the effect. Then consider what an appropriate and sonorous ending it provides for a long passage written in the full maturity of his unrivalled talent for broad historical contrasts. To be sure, the underlying principle, enunciated at the outset in these words, "There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of *human policy* so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church," is ridiculously wrong and absurdly illogical. The undeniable facts which he marshals in such a brilliant array ought to have made Macaulay suspect that the Catholic Church is not "a work of human policy," but a marvel of Divine Providence. Nevertheless, the art of the picture, crowned with its unforgettable conclusion, irradiates the souls of all those who, having received the true faith, know that it must be lived to be understood.

.....

"Well and good," I hear some learned literary critic object, "but what if this famous New Zealander was not an original idea? What if Macaulay copied from Shelley?" This is a serious objection. Let us examine it. The concluding paragraph of Shelley's dedication of *Peter Bell the Third*, to Thomas Brown, Esq., is as follows: "Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation that, *when London shall be an habitation of bitterns*; when *St. Paul's* and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless

ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of *Waterloo Bridge* shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their *broken arches* on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians, I remain, dear Tom, yours sincerely, MICHING MALLECHO." At first sight, I admit, there is here in Shelley, as well as in Macaulay, the desolate aspect of London; some of the words even—*St. Paul's*, a London *bridge*, *ruins*, and *broken arches*—are exactly the same in both. Granting, for the nonce, that one of the two writers has plagiarized the other, the culprit cannot be Shelley and must therefore be Macaulay. Not Shelley, because he died in 1822, two years before Macaulay wrote his first forecast of England made desolate. In order to find out whether or not Macaulay could have seen the Shelley passage before writing his own finished picture we must compare dates. Shelley's widow wrote a "Postscript in the Second Edition, 1839," of her late husband's works and announced therein the *first* publication of "*Peter Bell the Third*." Her postscript is dated November 6, 1839. This, therefore, is also the approximate date of the first publication of Shelley's humorous "*Dedication to Thomas Brown*," the conclusion of which has just been read. Now, remembering that Macaulay's perfected New Zealander appeared in October, 1840, we see that he had ample time—at least eight or nine months—to read Shelley's forecast and to take from it a lesson in startling imagery. Very likely, then, he did borrow from it six words, "*St. Paul's*," "*bridge*," "*ruins*" and "*broken arch*." The whole thing may be summed up in this way. Shelley's "*Peter Bell the Third*" is dated by Shelley himself December 1, 1819, five years before Macaulay wrote of a ruined civilization; but Shelley's work was not printed till the end of 1839, twenty years after it was written. Then Macaulay saw that four expressions, containing six words, in Shelley's rather long and unpolished effusion—it contains over one hundred words—would suit his own definite, clear-cut picture. So he borrowed them, and, in borrowing them, lifted them into impassioned prose and made them immortal.

Context of Macaulay's perfected New Zealander, in his essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, parag. 3.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cam-eleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the 19th century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the 8th; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to 120 millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all.

She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

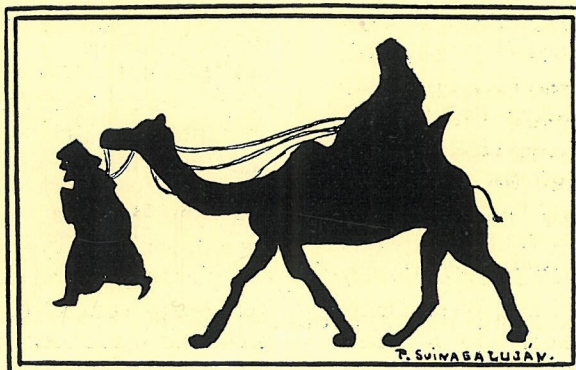
Macaulay, who read and remembered everything and who never pretended to be original, must have been familiar with other anticipations of his famous sentence. He must have

known Mrs. Barbauld's *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, a poem in which she writes of a youth "from the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake" who views the ruins of London. Particularly must he have remembered the blank verse of Henry Kirke White (1785-1806) on "Britain a Thousand Years Hence," in which occur these lines:—

O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and
the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and
hears
The bitter booming in the weeds, he
shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

As all the poets copy one another, Shelley stole Kirke White's bitterns, while Macaulay passed them by as having no prose value. He harked farther back to Wilcocks in his *Roman Conversations* (1792-94), wherein he read of "foreigners 2000 years hence sailing up the Thames in search of antiquities," passing "through some arches of the broken bridge," and viewing "with admiration the still remaining portico of St. Paul's." One year earlier, in 1791—Macaulay would remember—Volney, in the second chapter of *Les Ruines*, dreams that some day "on the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuider Zee", a traveller may "seat himself on silent ruins and bemoan in solitude the ashes of nations and the memory of their greatness." And Mac's unfailing memory will remind him that in 1774, seventeen years before Volney's book appeared, Horace Walpole warned Sir Horace Mann that "at last some curious traveller" would "visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's."

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.



Diary for 1920 - 21

- Sept. 8th We return to Loyola three hundred strong by 9.15 p.m.
- Sept. 9th Introduced to our professors and class begins.
- Sept. 14th Regular order resumed. Baseball in full swing on the Campus.
- Sept. 17th French tests for all except Philosophers.
- Sept. 18th Intermediate and Senior Rugby practice. Many old forms replaced by promising new material.
- Sept. 23rd French classes begin.
- Sept. 25th Rugby practice. Getting into shape for the first match.
- Sept. 29th to Oct. 3rd. Annual Retreat.
- Oct. 6th First game of Rugby. Loyola Seniors 9; Westmount High School, 0.
- Oct. 9th Seniors defeated by McGill on College Campus. Score 15-7.
- Oct. 18th Thanksgiving Day. Full holiday.
- Oct. 20th McGill again defeats our Senior team at McGill, score 35-2.
Rain and electric storm.
- Oct. 27th Another defeat on the Campus. Mac-Donald College 5; Loyola 0.
- Oct. 30th We retrieve our honour at St Ann's, and return with a 6-4 victory over Mac-Donald College.
- Nov. 1st Seniors leave for Ottawa with Fr. Mac-Donald and a few lucky supporters. Arrive back defeated 25-5. Grounds wet and muddy, so they say.
- Nov. 3rd Unusually large mail from Ottawa (from the boys' aunts).
- Nov. 5th Intermediate defeat Westmount High, 20-0.
- Nov. 13th Junior Rugby Team defeat St. Leo's on Campus; 15-4.
- Nov. 27th Sanctuary Society and Choir supper.
- Dec. 8th Sodality Day. Feast of Immaculate Conception. Banquet at 6.30, followed by a very enjoyable and successful entertainment by members of 3rd Year High.
- Dec. 12th Loyola Senior Hockey Team hold first practice on outdoor rink.
- Dec. 13th. Officers of Snow-Shoe Club elected.
- Dec. 14th. Movies.
- Dec. 20th. Open air rink in fine condition. Look who was flooding it. No wonder.
- Dec. 21st. What's that? Movies again? Why yes, of course.
- Dec. 22nd. Reading of notes for December. All leave for well earned Christmas vacation.
- Dec. 30th. Senior Hockey Team wins first game from St. Ann's in City League 6-3.
- Jan. 7th. Christmas holidays over. Back to College at 9.15 p.m. They told the Prefect they were glad to be back.
- Jan. 9th. Try-out for Junior Hockey Team. Only two or three old players with us.
- Jan. 10th. They get busy and practice.
- Jan. 11th. Inter-class Hockey League starts. Second Year Arts suspected of having Intermediate section.
- Jan. 13th. Seniors beaten in City League by Shamrocks, 3-2. Mid-Term Repetition begins in all classes.
- Jan. 14th. Juniors hold practice at Arena, fortified by the return of our last year's goaler, H. Decary.
- Jan. 24th. Another defeat for Loyola Seniors. Victorias 4; Loyola 3.
- Jan. 29th. Juniors tie with McGill in Junior City League 3-3.
- Jan. 30th. Loyola beats St. Laurent College on their own ice 5-4.
- Jan. 15th. Oral examinations begin.
- Feb. 2nd. Full holiday in honour of Rev. Fr. G. Bradley, S.J., Prefect who takes his last vows. P.M.—Juniors defeat Nationals 7-1.
- Feb. 5th. Juniors tie with Catholic High 3-3.
- Feb. 8th. College Team goes to Ottawa and returns victorious 10-2.
- Feb. 10th. Loyola 3, Nationals 5, in Senior City League.
- Feb. 12th. Juniors 1, Victorias 4.
- Feb. 26th. Juniors win from McGill in semi-finals. Score 5-4.
- Mar. 3rd. Drive begun in aid of Starving Children of Hungary. Our big success this year.
- Mar. 14th. Forty minutes overtime against Lower Canada, score 3-3.
- Mar. 16th. Loyola now champion of the Junior City League loses to Lower Canada for Junior Championship of Quebec. Again ten minutes overtime. Never mind, Loyola, next time.
- Mar. 23rd. Some fortunate people leave for home. Fr. Rector congratulates boys on their good will and success in the Drive for the Children of Hungary.
- Mar. 29th. Class begins again.
- Apr. 1st. We all receive birthday congratulations.
- Apr. 20th. Class Baseball League begins with supporters for all teams. Second Year High "B" will win the intermediate section.
- Apr. 30th. Annual public debate of the Arts course, with musical programme.
- May 3rd. Military Inspection from 2:45 to 3:45 p.m.
- May 8th. Old Boys beaten at Baseball 17-9.
- May 16th. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is guest of the College and attends Physics Demonstration by Third and Fourth Year Arts. P.M.—Inspection of College O.T.C.
- May 17th. High School hold their Public Debate, with great success.
- May 21st. Boxing Tournaments begin on Campus. Kenneth Keating terrifies us all.
- May 28th. McGill holds Interscholastic Track meet. Emmet Foy and Jimmie Hogan do great work. Loyola High School comes fourth out of thirty-eight schools with fifteen points.
- May 29th. Closing exercises of month of May. Procession and devotions in honour of B. V. M.
- June 3rd. Rev. Fr. Rector's Day. Rev. J. Mac-Donald and Rev. Fr. Hoffmann, S.J., ordained in College chapel. We congratulate them on this happy occasion, after their hard and prolonged years of study.
- June 4th. 161 entries for Field day. Semi-finals and finals in boxing on the Campus. Ashton Tobin wins championship over Suinaga.
- June 11th. "Water, water everywhere" Field Day postponed till 15th.
- June 12th. D. Walsh and P. Suinaga win Tennis Tournament. Singles begin to-day.
- June 13th. The Review goes to press and this diary ceases. E.M.S.

N.B.—Owing to a printers' strike the printing of this 1921 issue of the Loyola College Review has been delayed nearly six months

Dr. J. G. McCarthy

THE newspaper accounts which first announced the sudden death in New York of Dr. J. G. McCarthy, and those which a few days later reported his funeral in Montreal, dwelt especially on one characteristic of the deceased, his gentleness. This, we think, is the trait of his lovable nature that will also live most vividly in the grateful memory of several successive generations of Loyola boys who came under his indulgent care, and still more perhaps in that of the College Faculty who reposed in Dr. McCarthy the most absolute confidence.

Dr. McCarthy accepted the responsibility for the health of the inmates of Loyola in the first year of the existence of the College, when after the fire at the corner of St. Catherine and Bleury Streets, it was transferred to 68 Drummond Street. Dr. McCarthy lived conveniently across the street, and thus naturally seemed destined by a kind Providence to become the first college physician. His name appears in that capacity in every college catalogue until last year's, when he is marked consultant. Failing health and his removal in 1913 to another neighbourhood, compelled him to give up much of his work at the college, but of his ever active interest in the college he continued to give abundant and most generous proofs. The college in its history will number few warmer friends than Dr. McCarthy.

John George McCarthy was born fifty-eight years ago at Sorel, P.Q., a town some 45

miles below Montreal, where the picturesque Richelieu River flowing down from Lake Champlain empties into the Saint Lawrence. His father, Thomas McCarthy, sat in the first Parliament of Canada after Confederation, as member for Sorel. His mother, Mary Emma Tunstall, belonged to a family well-known in

Montreal, which had given the Anglican Christ Church Cathedral its first Rector. John G. McCarthy graduated in Medicine from McGill University in 1888. Two years later he became Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy, becoming later Assistant Professor, until after nineteen years of teaching, he retired in 1909.

Of this phase of his life we quote the following from the *Montreal Gazette*: "Dr. H. S. Birkett, dean of the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University, declared last night

that Dr. McCarthy had made the discovery of a new anatomical structure in the brain, which has received his name, and paid the following tribute: Dr. McCarthy was an exceptionally clear and interesting teacher. The medical profession in Montreal have lost in him a very able and highly esteemed member, and his many close friends deeply deplore his removal. The news of his death was a great shock to us all."

To those who knew Dr. McCarthy more intimately, the news of his death, though a great shock, was not entirely unexpected. He was a very sick man when, yielding to the persuasive requests of his brother, he tried the



climate of Bermuda for the winter months. The change seemed to do him good, but he, better than anyone else, was aware that his was a malady for which there is no cure on this side of the grave. He had attended his very dear friend Father Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., first Rector of Loyola, and had been with him when the latter died, and he was often heard to repeat that his own death would be like Fr. O'Bryan's. It was, only the agony was longer; so very painful indeed, that to the loved ones who in powerless anguish watched him suffer, his death seemed almost a relief. It was remarked that even in those last moments, his characteristic unselfishness did not forsake him and that in the midst of intense suffering his concern was not for himself but for those to whom he was causing so much trouble and pain. He died of angina pectoris, in the Hotel Commodore, New York, in the early hours of Passion Sunday, March 13th, fortified by the rites of Holy Church. A few hours later masses were being said for him at Loyola, and prayers were being asked from many of the pulpits in Montreal.

The funeral took place from his parish church, St. Anthony's, on the following Wednesday, and though announced as private was largely attended, especially by friends of both families and by the medical profession.

Apart from his own family, Dr. McCarthy is survived by a brother, Mr. James McCarthy, C.E., of Quebec City, Vice-President of Price Brothers Lumber Company, and by a sister, Mrs. W. G. Warner. Of James McCarthy it may be said, without fear of exaggeration, that there are in Quebec few, if any, more universally esteemed and respected, or more prominent in leadership, or more unselfish in the judicious and generous bestowal of time and wealth in the furtherance of every good cause. Loyola had reason to know, in its campaign of April, 1918, of this *ensemble* of qualities.

Dr. McCarthy leaves to mourn his loss a widow, younger daughter of the late Senator Edward Murphy, a daughter Miss Ursula, and a son Edward "Teddy," who was at Loyola from 1903 to 1908, but since his return from the war, has been in the north country in the employ of the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company.

One little fact should suffice of itself to commend Dr. McCarthy to the remembrance of

Loyola boys. It is very largely to Dr. McCarthy that they owe the lengthening of the Christmas holidays. In the early days of Loyola, in conformity with the practice then universal in the Catholic schools and colleges of this province, two days were considered sufficiently long vacations at Christmastide. Dr. McCarthy thought otherwise, and he pleaded his case so well, that he (and doubtless others also!) had the satisfaction of seeing them lengthened.

Dr. McCarthy was pre-eminently a family man, one who sought and found his enjoyment exclusively in his own family circle. He was a man of study, of wide reading and varied interests; but shy and retiring and with a real aversion for public functions. A member of the University, the Mount Royal and other clubs, he maintained hardly any connection with them beyond the payment of his dues. To the suffering poor he was ever a friend in whom they were sure of a generous response. To all who came in contact with him he was the gentle-man in the original sense of these words. To the Faculty of Loyola, he was, at all times the model of the college physician. Many of his good friends of the College Faculty have pre-deceased him, the last ones being Fathers Isidor Kavanagh and Gagnier, whose obituaries appear in this same number of the *Review*. May they all soon meet again in unending friendship, and share together the reward of their good work, in which they had, while on earth, a common interest. At Loyola neither he nor they will soon be forgotten. R.I.P.

To his sorrowing family the faculty and the students, past and present, offer their heartfelt sympathy.

—W. H. Hingston, S.J.

Father I. J. Kavanagh, S. J.

REVEREND FATHER HINGSTON, S.J.,
Rector, Loyola College,
Sherbrooke Street West,
MONTREAL.

Dear Father Hingston:

I have your letter of the 29th in which you speak of a biographical notice you are preparing for the *Review*.

There is no doubt that Father Isidor was much thought of by people here who are versed

in astronomy. Lately, I had asked one of our students to go up to McGill to learn the name and address of the secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. He saw Professor Weir and was told that, in his opinion, Father Kavanagh was "the only astronomer in Canada." Prior to that, again by a McGill man, a statement was repeated to me from one of the professors that Father Kavanagh was the only Canadian whose work as an astronomer is known outside of Canada.

Father Rickaby was an old friend of Isidor's, and was at Stonyhurst when Isidor was there. I have a photograph of his which he sent to Isidor. Father Rickaby would be able, I am sure, to give you interesting information about something in Isidor's career while at Stonyhurst. For instance, he discovered some fossil for which geologists had been long in search. The British Association was at that time in session somewhere in England, and a number of the geological section went to examine the fossil *in situ*. The event was considered of such importance by the authorities at Stonyhurst that, I believe, they invited 500 members of the British Association, or at least a very large number of them to Stonyhurst, where they were entertained very splendidly.

On that occasion, Sir William Dawson was among the visitors and expressed himself as very happy that this honor should come to a Canadian and hoped that Isidor would be sent to Canada where, as he said, geology was almost an untrodden field.

On Isidor's return to Canada Sir William

Dawson was very kind to him and made him welcome to use the McGill museum, which was found very useful.

I mention all this to you, not because you can find in it anything sufficiently reliable to refer to in a biographical notice. I merely intend it as a suggestion that you may obtain the necessary information either from Father Rickaby or from someone at Stonyhurst, who perhaps would be able to provide information you would like to have. Father Perry, who as you know was in his time looked upon as *the*

astronomer of England, came to Canada with the British Association and brought Isidor with him.

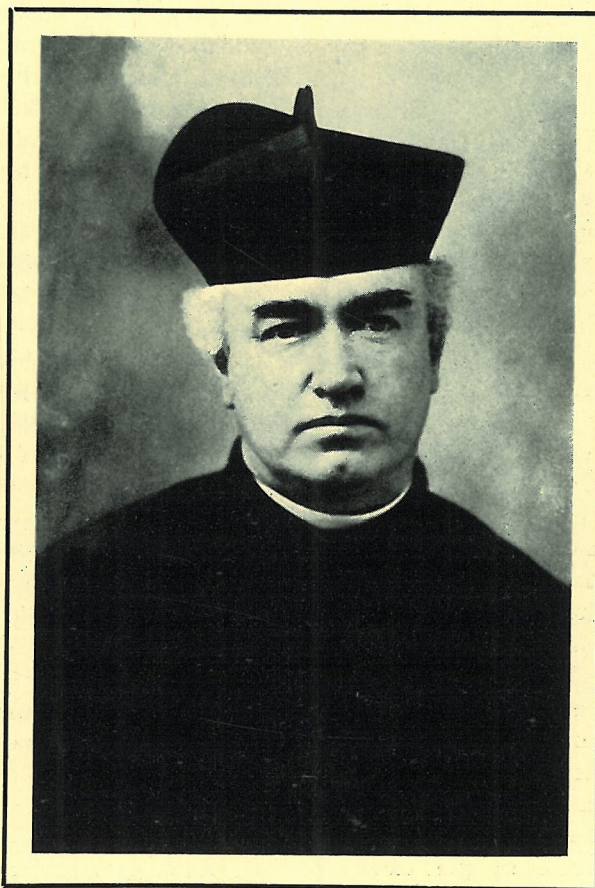
With kindest regards, I am, dear Father Hingston,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY J. KAVANAGH

P.S.—Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, some of whose writings you have seen in *America*, was a familiar contemporary of Isidor's at Stonyhurst. A letter c/o E. J. Bellord, 8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1, England, would reach him.

H. J. K.



THE REVEREND ISIDOR J.
KAVANAGH, S.J.

A LINGERING illness of eight years, the result of paralysis, preceded the death of Father Isidor J. Kavanagh, so well known to generations of Loyola boys. For sixteen years he taught physics and chemistry in our college, and old students will recall the many successful experi-

ments which, with only the most primitive materials at hand, he succeeded in making. Father Kavanagh's taste for physics and chemistry revealed itself from his earliest years. Even while a student at St. Mary's College (1870-77), he spent the most of his time during school hours in the laboratory, and it was evident that, after he became a Jesuit, his preference for these sciences would be respected and that time would be allowed him for their ample development.

At the close of his course in St. Mary's, in 1877, he entered the Order at Sault au Recollet and, in 1879, was sent to England to continue his higher studies. Two years in London reviewing his classics, three years at Stonyhurst studying philosophy, and one year in research work in Victoria University, Manchester, completed his training for the professor's chair, which he was to occupy for a quarter of a century in various Jesuit colleges in Canada.

While in England he had unusual opportunities for widening his field of knowledge. Besides the ordinary course of mental and moral philosophy at Stonyhurst, he studied astronomy under Father Stephen Perry, S.J., R.A.S., who was looked upon as the greatest astronomer of his day in England and who was twice chosen by the British Government to head missions sent at its expense to observe transits of Venus and solar eclipses in different parts of the world. The young Jesuit showed such aptitude for this attractive science, that he was chosen assistant to Father Walter Sidgreaves, Father Perry's successor in the Stonyhurst observatory, an institution which is credited with furnishing the longest and most complete record of magnetic observation. In Manchester, Father Kavanagh had the privilege of studying under Dr. Balfour Stewart and Sir Henry Roscoe. Under these two able professors he spent a whole year in physical and chemical research. While there his genius for practical experimental work soon brought him much favorable notice. He is credited in Roscoe's *Manual of Chemistry* with the devising of an important experiment.

Father Kavanagh returned to Canada in 1884 and began his long career as a teacher of science and mathematics, first in Quebec, then in Montreal, in the Jesuit House of higher studies on Rachel Street, where he spent several years, and where a number of ingenious

instruments, the results of his own handiwork, are still preserved in the laboratory. He returned to England in 1890 to complete his theology at St. Beuno's in North Wales. After another year given over to study in London, he came back to Canada and taught science for eight years in St. Mary's and in St. Boniface. While in Manitoba, he was mathematical examiner in the University.

His relations with Loyola began with the beginnings of the college in 1896. He was one of the charter members at the incorporation and, while teaching in St. Mary's, he followed the progress of our institution and accompanied it in its migration from St. Catherine Street to Drummond Street, thence to its present site on Sherbrooke Street West.

Notwithstanding a busy life as professor, he found time for other functions. He read papers on botany before the Montreal Natural History Society, while it occupied its old headquarters on University Street, and received the congratulations of its veteran chairman, Sir William Dawson. His reputation as an expert with the telescope secured for him membership in the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and, as a member of the council of that body, he was appointed by the Canadian Government in 1905 to accompany Professor King's solar expedition to Labrador. At various times he acted as chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital; he filled a similar office at the Montreal Sailors' Club, and for a short season was editor of *The Canadian Messenger*. During the summer holidays he gave retreats to various religious communities. He took part, now and then, in parochial missions, and was always ready to aid the local clergy when his help was required.

Towards the end of his active career, he directed the English-speaking section of an organized body of Canadian pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial, while the late Father Pichon, directed the French-Canadian section, and His Lordship the Bishop of Victoria, B.C., took command of this joint-pilgrimage to the shrine of the then Blessed, now Saint, Margaret Mary.

Father Kavanagh was engaged in these and similar works when the final warning came, but the heroic religious was not unprepared. While his eight years of painful inactivity was a strong test of his virtue, he accepted the will of God with complete resignation. His long

and familiar intercourse with so many of the marvels of creation, and his constant efforts to penetrate a few of Nature's secrets, made him realize how little even the most learned knew about God and His works. Notwithstanding his years of study, he was profoundly convinced that he had hardly touched the fringe of things, and he waited patiently for the day when he would see the Author of all, face to face, and learn from Him the mysteries of the Universe. He died peacefully, June 5, 1920, fortified by the rites of the Church. He was buried in the little cemetery of the Order at Sault au Recollet, the cradle of his life as a Jesuit.

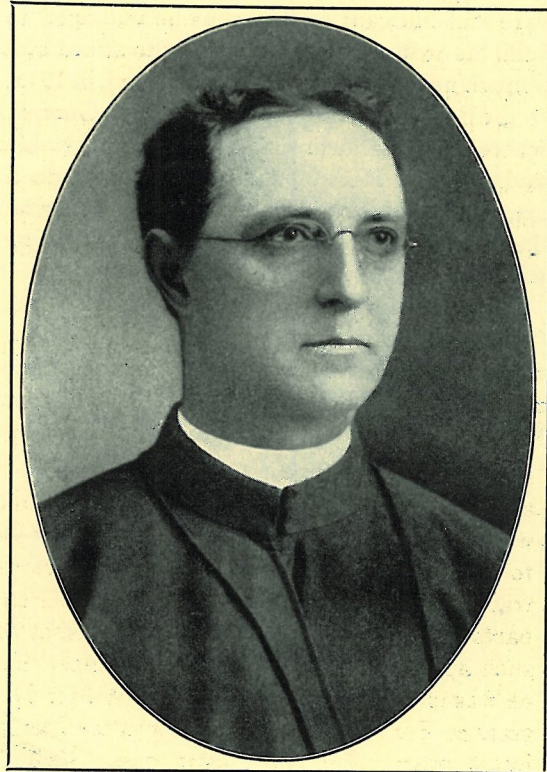
—E. J. D.

Rev. Alexander Gagnieur, S.J.

ALEXANDER GAGNIEUR—not Gagnier, as his name is incorrectly spelled in Morgan's *Canadian Men and Women of the Time* (1912) and in *The Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book 1921*—was born in Toronto on the 22nd of January, 1863. His father, Antoine Gagnieur, was a native of France and a skilled musician. His mother, Elizabeth Allan, was born in Scotland and married in Canada. Her most important literary work is *Conflict and Triumph*, a dramatic poem of more than three hundred pages, which sketches in melodious, thought-laden verse the history and teaching of the Catholic Church. It was published several years after her death by the Canadian Messenger Press, Montreal, 1908, a handsome volume for a gift to learned friends.

The two sons of this devout Catholic couple entered the Society of Jesus. William, the elder, born in May, 1857, became a novice in 1873, has been for more than thirty years, and still is one of the most learned and zealous missionaries among the Indians of Lake Superior and Lake Huron. Alexander, the younger son, took more time to discover his religious vocation. After enjoying the atmosphere of a cultured home and going through the usual High School course, he devoted his youthful activity to commercial pursuits, in which he acquired that business tact and financial flair which were later on to make him a successful administrator of parish and college funds. When he was half way through his twenty-fifth year he felt and answered the Divine call

to a higher life, entering the Sault-au-Récollet novitiate on the 30th of July, 1887. After the two years of noviceship he had two additional years of juniorate to perfect his arts course. From 1891 to 1893 he taught Latin rudiments in St. Mary's College, Montreal. From 1893 to 1895 he studied philosophy in the scholasticate of the Immaculate Conception, in this city. Then he taught the classics for a year at St. Mary's College and for two years at the then newly organized Loyola College in Drum-



mond Street. In 1898 he went back to the Immaculate Conception for his theological course and was ordained priest on the 30th of June, 1901.

From 1901 to 1903 he taught one of the higher classes at Loyola College, and then spent his year of tertianship at Mold in Wales. On his return from Great Britain in 1904, he was appointed Pastor of the Jesuit Church at Sault St. Marie, Michigan, a post which he held with marked success for three years. His pleasing address, mellow voice and fluency in the pulpit, coupled with his quietly shrewd business talent, won the esteem and trust of his parishioners.

These precious gifts pointed him out as a not too unworthy successor to the illustrious

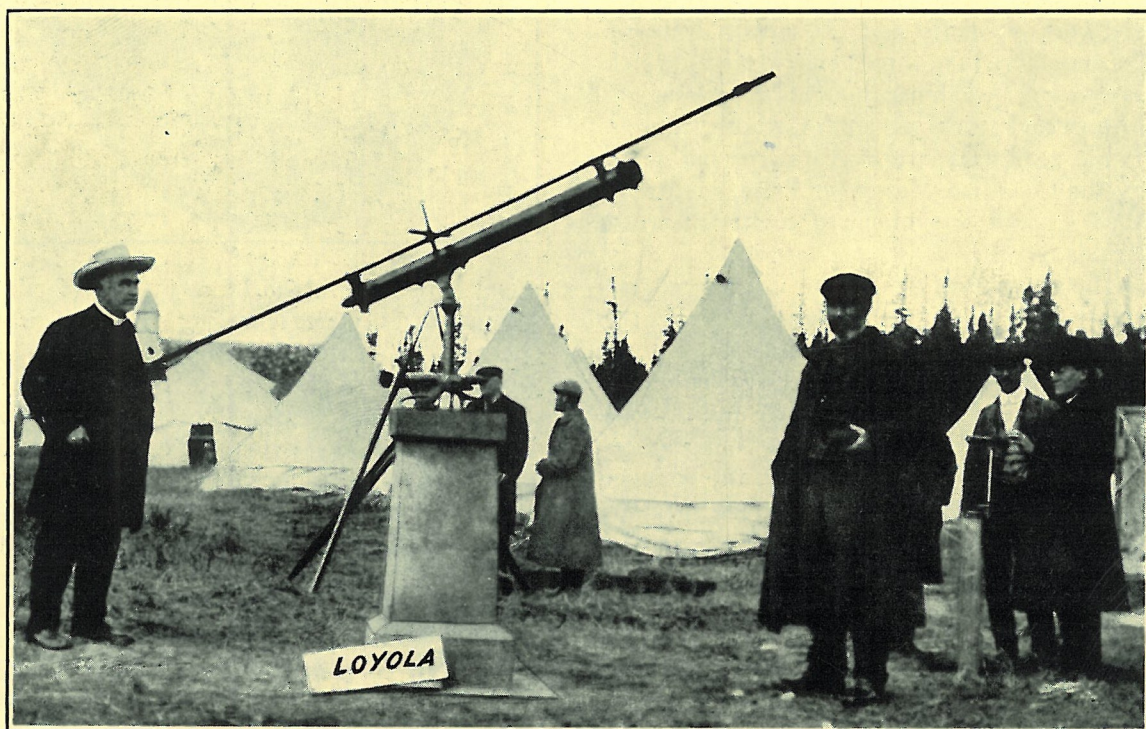
Father Gregory O'Bryan, first Rector of Loyola College, whose spirit of manly piety is still happily manifest in the student body. So he became, on the 10th of August, 1907, Rector of Loyola College, which he ruled with wise and fatherly skill for the six following years. In 1913 he was appointed Minister at St. Boniface College, Manitoba, and in 1914 Vice-Rector. But his health had long been unequal to the strain and responsibility of superiority. Even when he was only twenty-eight his lungs were becoming tubercular. It was by sheer care and buoyant energy that he managed to fulfil his arduous duties. In order to afford him a much needed rest he was transferred, in 1915, to the beautiful Church of Our Lady in Guelph, where he found means, as assistant to the able and devoted Rector, Father Doyle, to do a great deal of good among the people who flocked to him for advice and direction, as he was too weak to go about the parish.

However, as the comparative rest of the Guelph Rectory gradually produced a considerable improvement, and as he was once more needed at Loyola, in June, 1917, Father Alexander Gagnieur was again appointed to

the rectorship of this college, which had been transferred by Father MacMahon from the cramped quarters of Drummond Street to the new building with its fifty acres at the western extremity of Sherbrooke Street.

But there soon occurred a final break-down. In 1918 he had to spend several months in the sanatorium for tuberculosis at Gabriels, N.Y., in the Adirondacks, where the scientific treatment of the physicians in charge and the devoted ministrations of the Sisters of Mercy succeeded in adding three more years to his truly apostolic life. These years he spent in Guelph, and they were the most edifying of all. His patience and cheerfulness in spite of a constant, hacking cough, were positively marvellous. Regret at giving so much trouble, gratitude for the care his brethren took of him, were the salient features of his last days. They brought out unsuspected depths of virtue. After receiving the last sacraments with great fervor, he almost literally died upon his feet, having risen to greet a friend with his ever kindly smile. The end came on February 12th, 1921.

R.I.P.



Fr. Kavanagh (Labrador Eclipse Expedition).

ALUMNI

THE REV. FATHER THOMAS BRACKEN was ordained priest on May 21st 1921. Our heartiest congratulations to the newly annointed and to his beloved parents. Nor can we neglect to extend similar greetings to all of the royal House of the O'Neills. With them, if with anybody, the old Irish proverb must be most true: There is no honor like having a Soggarth Aroon in the family and no reward like hearing T-as on Aifrean (Holy Mass).

But Tommy was always a boisterous chap even before he reached his teens. Tradition depicts him as toddling over from St. Patrick's School to the Drummond St. College one September morn in 1909. Among his former teachers at St. Patrick's we must mention the Reverend Brothers Bernard and Walter. And of course, he had for principal, while there; the Venerable Brother Prudent. Who of our business men, our brothers and our Priests for the last couple of generations have escaped this great educator's goodly influence?

After being on the college muster roll for a complete course in classics and science the future Father Tom graduated in 1917. A willing supporter of all college enterprises his name was ever well to the front in the accounts of Field Day sports, baseball games, dramatic and musical entertainments. So short, but oh my! So tall as he holds the college record for the Pole Vault.

Father Bracken's first clerical appointment is as assistant pastor at St. Willibrod's. The good folks of Verdun will surely enjoy the sweetness of his manners and his voice. Perhaps his worthy pastor, Father Patrick McDonald, will give full scope to his energetic initiative. Loyola's tennis courts are lasting monuments to the first outbreaks of his youthful energies when he and the others of Class 17 first blazed the trail from Drummond St. to Notre Dame de Grace.

However, may his sowing of the Word of the Lord in suburban Verdun prove more successful than his supposed planting around the college grounds of some hundred valuable chestnuts which have yet to see the light of day.

Rev. Father Henry Frederick Bartley C.S.S.R., was born in Montreal in December, 1893. He owes his primary education to the Brothers of St. Leo's School, Westmount. He was a student at Loyola College for four years. He also studied at St. Mary's College, Northeast, P.Q. and at St. Anne de Beaupré. His novitiate days were spent at Ilchester, Md. and his final preparation for the priesthood in philosophy and theology was gone through at Mount St. Alphonsus-on-Hudson, Esopus, N. Y. His ordination took place at the Mount on June 26th. He celebrated his first Mass at the Sacred Heart Convent, Sault-au-Recollet, where one of his sisters is a Madame of the Sacred Heart.

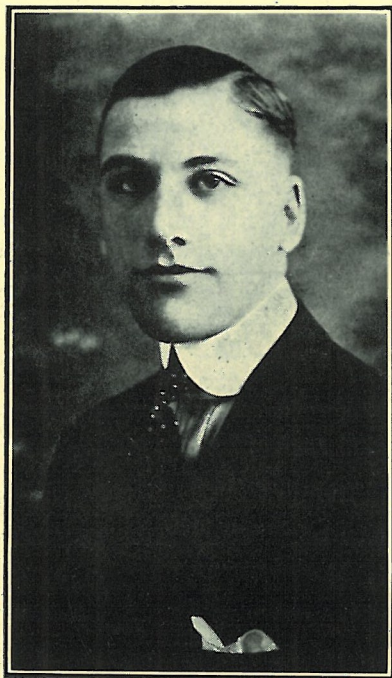
He sang his first High Mass in St. Leo's Church, Westmount, Que. on July 3, 1921. It was because the new priest was a student of Loyola that Rev. W. H. Hingston, Rector of Loyola College, was asked to officiate as archpriest at the solemn High Mass. Rev. Father Donnelly, C.S.S.R. and Rev. Father Flood, of St. Anthony's, who assisted in the celebration, and Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R., who preached the sermon, are all graduates of Loyola. For these happy events his parents came on from their home in Vancouver, B.C. His brother Lawrence was already on hand, being in Second Year High.

In the field of spirituality Father Henry will no doubt often head the race at a rapid stride and save the day, as of yore he used to do for his class when on the track team and leader of its relay quartette.

As regards Reverend Father Leo Sexsmith, C. S. S. R. and other Old Boys among the Redemptorist Levites who are being ordained this year, the Review has to wait till our camera-man can catch them on their first missionary tour to Montreal.

Harvey Dandurand, after a lingering illness, died in Montreal on July 28th, 1920. He was only twenty-four years of age. He attended St. Mary's for several terms and Loyola for one. Well known to all baseball, lacrosse and hockey fans, he helped out our hockey team for a season; but his fame as an athlete rests with the

Championship National Lacrosse Club. Loyola joins with the many friends of the sorrowing relatives in offering sincerest sympathies.



HARVEY DANDURAND

During the year sad bereavements befell many of Loyola's former and present students. Thus we have to lament the death of Mr. Daniel Gailery, for long years one of our truest and most generous friends; of Mr. William Holland, father of John, Rupert, Daniel, and Lonsdale; of Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, father of George, Allan and Hubert; of Mrs. Michael Cunningham, mother of Alexis; of Mr. Charles A. Phelan, father of Charles, Horatio and Louis; of Mr. Daniel Fregeau, father of Albert and Raymond; of Mrs. M. J. Boyle, mother of Francis, and of Mrs. McDonnagh, mother of Rev. Father McDonnagh. May our proof of gratitude to all these dear departed be to labour well while the life that they helped to give to us is still ours. Could our mortal ears hear their warnings, such, we are sure, would be the earnest request they would make to us. For well they now know that short are the hours of toil and eternal the reward.

Special words of condolence are also due to Messers Harry and Herbert Hyland on the

occasion of the death of their father, Mr. John Hyland, and to Mrs. Dunphey on the occasion of the death of her husband, Mr. Barney Dunphey. Mr Dunphey was one of Montreal's most famous lacrosse and hockey trainers. In the days of "Quig" Baxter and "Chubby" Power, he spurred on the Loyola septette towards the goal of highest honors in amateur hockey. It was in great part thanks to another Shamrock man, Mr. Harry Hyland, that Loyola became a power in City League circles. Their whole-hearted, clean and skilful coaching was ever a labour of love for the moral and physical betterment of their youthful charges. Whatever sorrow overshadows them or theirs they must ever have every right to our heartfelt sympathy.

✦ ✦

Leo Leboutellier, D.C.M., whose gallant death we had to chronicle most sorrowfully and who had made such a name for himself amongst all his companions in arms for his daring and wonderful skill in scouting acquired in part at least by his hunting in Gaspé—had another side to his character which we hope may be revealed. From France he had sent home a note-book carefully sealed and bearing the legend: To be kept unopened until I return. Grief and a feeling of reverence for this relic of the departed son caused his parents to refrain for over a year from opening the note-book. When they did so there was unfolded before them such a revelation of a beautiful soul that we are tempted to express the desire that his friends also may be privileged to read this diary.

✦ ✦

Our latest Bachelors of Science at McGill are John M. Cuddy, B.A. '17, and Gaston Fortin. The former specialized in Chemical Engineering and the latter, in Civil.

✦ ✦

Michael Tansey should be one of the most prosperous business men of the day. He is a member of the T. P. Tansey Button and Tag Firm. The name appears on the hundred and one tags with which we have been decorated during the year. Congratulations, Michael, you were wise when you went into the business of tagging the taggers.

In 1920 Loyola sent to St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, Paul Brennan, Arthur Cotter, Wilfred Scott, Arthur Wilson and Henry Smeaton. In return it expects to see in Montreal this fall Messrs. John O'Halloran, Marcus Doherty and seven or eight other budding professors and missionaries.

✦ ✦

The engagement is announced of our genial Robert Laurier to Miss Gabriel Parent. Robert wears the late great Chieftain's inseparable and well-known horseshoe stick-pin and events are showing it has not lost its power to charm and conquer. How long before his new angel announces to him, "You are elected M.P. for....."?

✦ ✦

Leslie R. Thompson, who was at the College in 1897-1898, is starting out for his ninth annual trip to Alaska to visit some gold mines in which he has an interest. As he visits Mexico every summer on a like mission, he does considerable travelling in the course of each year. During the war he served with the rank of a Major in the Canadian Railway Construction, organized in the space of a few days by his friend Lt.-Col. "Larry" Martin.

✦ ✦

Gordon Carlin is at Ironwood, Michigan. During the year he made bold to woo and wed. We suppose he first took out a policy with his own Life Insurance firm. His brother Frank is with the Greenshields Brokerage Co. Their father, Mr. F. J. Carlin, patronizes all college events, rain or shine.

✦ ✦

In First Year High of 1932, or thereabouts, are expected Michael Allister, son of M. T. or "Poss" Burke and the three Wickham cousins, all born within six months of each other; to wit, Patrick Bernard Devlin Wickham, son of Doctor Jack; Terence Martin, son of Bill; and Kevin Wickham McKenna, son of Harry McKenna and Mary Wickham.

✦ ✦

Jim Cosgrave is President of the Cosgrave Brewing Co., Toronto. Strange to say, such business is always very good in Toronto.

✦ ✦

Jim Davis, who was for some years with the firm of M. P. and J. T. Davis has formed

the Davis and Lynch Coal Co., with head offices in the Drummond Building.

✦ ✦

Victor Walsh has returned to Montreal; and the practical and encouraging result for trade is Montreal's new Marine Canvas Supply Co.

✦ ✦

The industrial crisis in the United States has not yet crushed all the Loyola talent in the service of Uncle Sam. Reports of



ARTHUR CHABOT

prosperity are to hand concerning the following: Hubert Mayrand with the Geo. Batten Advertising Co., New York; Ralph Farrel and "Tony" Ribadeneyre with the United States Steel Corporation, of which Ralph's uncle is now president; James Leo of the Leo Box Board Co., Jersey City; Frank McShane, Ass't. Adv. Mgr. of the Newark Evening News and among still many other thriving Old Boys, Seward Toddings with the Brooklyn Eagle. Of these Bert Mayrand and "Seaweed" Toddings paid a visit to their Alma Mater during the year.

Father Charles Steben is in the diocese of Winnipeg. During the past year he was principal of one of the city Catholic schools. He will now apply himself to parish work, as His Grace Archbishop Sinnett has obtained a personnel of Teaching Brothers with which to staff this school.

Here is the gladsome list of Old Boys "Just married" (1920-21). Charlie Birmingham, Frank McCue, Vincent Scully, Stephen

mouth. His old time "prep" boys may like to know of this opportunity of paying part of their debt of gratitude to a devoted teacher and, at the same time, helping on the great work of the Church in England.

The Lyons boys, Ivan, Robert and Clarence are holding on family traditions and are doing their share to keep the Lyons Drug Stores thriving business centres in many parts of the city.



FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE

Urquhart, Arthur Phelan, Angus German, Harold Davis, Gordon Carlin, Paul-Emile Sanstenne and Francis Conors. There may be others but we have not yet heard of them. Still we are quite satisfied with this contingent of twelve. Ad multos annos omnes! Note from the Journal of the St. Maurice Laurentide Pulp Co.: To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davis (née Lily Coggins) a sturdy boy. Congratulations. Announcements are in the air concerning Freddy Drumm and Robert Laurier.

The junior fry of eight years ago, who have since become Old Boys and who remember with affection Reverend Father Walter Stafford Gagnor will be pleased to learn that their former teacher has been named parish priest. He is starting a new parish mission at Stonehouse, a poor suburb of Ply-

Ten years ago the graduating class (1911) was composed of Thomas Galligan, B. A., Jean Masson, B. A., Leon Mercier Gouin, B. A. and T. Conrad Wolfe, B. L. Dr. Conrad has already been mentioned in connection with McGill. He has a professional confrere in Dr. Galligan, but is not yet Tom's equal in being head of a family and responsible for the health of a whole town as populous as Eganville. Jean Masson is the official lecturer of the Quebec Department of Agriculture. The editorial bouquets that the sanest and most prosperous province is now receiving are also no small compliment to the enlightened and patriotic efforts of Professor Jean Masson. As regards Leon Mercier Gouin, the din of the arena of politics and the glow of the mantle of power must be, as it were, beneath his gaze; for, so many and so varied, at home and abroad, have

been the laurels that his talent and character have won for him that they presaged success on Parliament Hill would be his for the trying.

* *

Last year Carl Sutton (Loyola 1913-15) was at St. Joseph's College Memramcook, N. B.

* *

Mr. Francis C. Smith, S. J., is studying philosophy at Stonyhurst. He is always pleased to receive news about his old time friends. Witness, his letters of request for news.

* *

At Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. Frank McCue is in the employ of the Canada Steel Co., and is editing their local paper, the *Algoman*. How could such a successful Old Boy long escape the attention of a fair enchanter? Congratulations.

* *

Milan Frawley is now a doctor and his brother M. J. a lawyer, and both are in Sudbury, Ont.

* *

Doctor George Boyce is practising in Verdun. He is Town Health Officer and on the Board of Directors of the Montreal Children's Hospital.

* *

Gerald Lonergan is assisting his uncle Mr. Miles Lonergan in the managing of their coal business. We wonder how he ever makes the office on time. Of course, this does not entail leaving mighty Quebec for lowly Montreal. If our wishes became realities, "Irish" would be such a wealthy and worried coal magnate that he would be glad to see the fall green of our campus and again enjoy the clang and the glamour of senior college hockey.

* *

Our new lawyers are Edward Duckett and Frank Bussiere, B. A.'s of '17, Charles C. Phelan and John Wolfe, B. A.'s of '18 and Murray Hayes. Of course, John O'Neil Gallery, B. L. '16 in due consideration of his parting address to the juniors on the occasion of their presenting their favorite graduate with a loving cup, was obliged, occasionally, to win honors in the capturing of his B. C. L. The burden of that memorable address was: Sport is glorious, and great for amusing the

galleries, but the great goal to be attained by a college man is success in his studies. Best wishes to our seven new B. C. L.'s in their exams at the Bar.

* *

Professor R. M. Sugars, M. A. of Trinity College, Dublin, member of the International Associations of Actuaries and for some years a teacher of mathematics at Loyola, is now at McGill and Dean of the Department of Commerce, which has been organized chiefly through his efforts. He intends spending this summer in Spain, visiting his little son who this year began his studies at the Jesuit College of Barcelona and is on Loyola's waiting list and to be received as soon as he is old enough. Professor Sugars is ever a warm friend of the College.

* *

Other Loyola folks on various staffs at McGill are Augustine Downes, B. A. '18, Conrad Wolfe, B. L. '11 and Norman Peterson for two years editor of the *Daily*.

* *

Dr. Raymond Kramer is one of the house surgeons at the Western Hospital. He is contemplating playing the Good Samaritan to the people of the district of Guelph, Ont.

Among the patients whom he recently coaxed back to good health is the burly Scot, Mr. James McKeen, sometime Big Chief Jim at the old Arena but always with a mild interpretation of the regulations in favor of the L. C. boys. He holds that no one can apply the knife, or the probe, with greater gentleness than Dr. Ray. His agile Paderewski touch is serving him well in his medical repertoire. So, dear Father Quirk, Ray's absence from study and supposed presence in the music hall cannot always have been just faking and a making for the city.

* *

History repeats itself. A few years ago it was said that St. Mary's College sent "a galaxy of brilliant men to help to found Loyola". On the western horizon we now see Campion College going up as if by magic. It stands surrounded by fifteen acres of campus and right in front of the Parliament Buildings. It is in the limelight for sports. Why not? Its athletics are managed by the winning Mr. Leo Burns. Its renown

for sound studies is not less pronounced. The teaching staff is, in part, composed of Messrs James Carlin and Joseph Monaghan and Rev. Father Mc Mahon. The latter is also Rector of the College and President of the Board of Public Instruction for the Province of Saskatchewan. The college treasurer and supervisor of building is Rev. Father Leahy. John Kearney, one of our new but very shrewd criminal lawyers, was heard to remark about his former professor, Father Leahy, that not only would he build up Campion without debts but probably, even out of the building fund, find ways and means to make it an endowed institution. With a modest blush of pride, Loyola has to acknowledge that all those mentioned above are men whom she has lent to the west and of course extends hearty congratulations to this "galaxy" of her distinguished sons and former professors.

* *

The graduates of 1920 still are all men of study. Charles E. Baker is at the Montreal Grand Seminary for the diocese of Kingston. Jacques Senecal and M. P. Malone have come through their first year at McGill, both winning high honors. At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, Robert Anglin, and at Laval, Quebec, John Hearn have nobly followed suit. James McGarry has completed such studies as were necessary for him to become

a full-fledged B. A. Jimmie flies his flag nailed to the mast. Roger Beaudoin is at Joliette College. Arthur Chabot is already a dispenser of classical knowledge, being tutor in a prominent Eastern Township family to a class of one.

* *

Dr. Atherton has started a post graduate course of lectures of English Literature in the faculty of Letters at the University of Montreal.

* *

James Altimas, a man of talent and energy, is with the Montreal Public Service Co. He is also honorary secretary of the St. Michael's branch of the Self-Determination League for Ireland. Not mere popularity but principles lived up to, and not mere polished phrases but out-spoken convictions, are the basic elements upon which he is building a future career, "Sans peur et sans reproche". With him true Canadianism is full truth and full justice for all, fall who may.

* *

The seven former Loyola boys at the Montreal Seminary preparing for the priesthood are: Wilfred O'Kane, Loyola Poupore, Victor Renaud, William Sullivan, Charlie Baker, Gerald Stanford and James Meighan. Our best wishes to all of them as also to those who are at St. Augustine's, Toronto.

Our Roddy

AS the memory of heroism and valor hallowed by death never really dies we are not surprised, though deeply gratified, to find, in Le Soleil's first editorial of Sept. 22, 1921, praising the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, the following graceful tribute to his only son Roddy, who was mortally wounded at the front in the summer of 1918 and received the last sacraments with heroic resignation to God's will.

Un des grands sacrifices de sa vie a été pour M. Lemieux celui de son fils unique à la cause du droit et de la justice. Le Lieutenant Roddy Lemieux, enterré sous la terre de France, garde quand même dans le grand cœur de son admirable père, sa place, où son souvenir revit glorieux.

Old Boys' Association

Father Primeau Appointed Moderator

IT is the intention to hold a general convention of all the Old Boys from anywhere and everywhere, next May or June, in order fittingly to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Loyola College, Montreal. Those of the Old Boys who see this notice would greatly help in the organization of this Silver Jubilee if each one would kindly send in his name and what would be his probable address next spring, so that Father Primeau may be able to communicate with each and everyone.

"Produce More," said Father Hingston

Labor Should Wait for Shorter Hours until Living Costs are Reduced.

ASKED GOVERNMENT AID

Main Solution for Present Unemployment is General Plan
for Building of Houses.

REV. W. H. HINGSTON, S. J., continued his campaign for Government assistance to house building in the general scheme of combating the present unemployment situation on Oct. 5, 1921, when he gave the opening lecture for the Loyola School of Sociology and Social Science at the Bourget Academy, 280 Mountain street. In his lecture, Father Hingston dealt at large with the general question of economics, particularly with regard to labor questions, arguing that this was a time when the essential factor was production, not a fight for shorter hours and less work for higher wages. Father Hingston continued his argument as given at previous meetings, that the main solution for the present condition of unemployment was a general plan for the building of houses, so as to give employment to the greatest number, and at the same time aid in solving the present shortage of buildings.

Father Hingston opened his lecture with a dissection of the factors that go to the creation of what is really wealth, which he described as human wants and the means to fulfill them in an economic manner. The prime factors were food, clothing and shelter, all of which, in such a climate as that of Canada, were essential. Following these were a number of things today regarded as necessities, such as newspapers, phonographs, movies and so on, but when these were eliminated the three original necessities remained. Many things regarded today as necessities were considered a few generations ago as luxuries, and, were conditions stripped to the limit, the necessities would still remain.

This was shown by the fact that in times of stress, such as the present, people ate more cheaply, dressed more economically, and were compelled to be content with less luxurious housing conditions. He argued that the high cost of living today was due to an overplus of money circulated, with a reduction in production. Currency had been greatly increased during the war, while production had been largely devoted to war munitions, which were shot away overseas, without a very direct economic advantage save an accumulation of money by certain sections

of the people, while the increase in monetary circulation had been enormous, but not redeemable in gold. The result was an increase in money circulated and a decrease in the material wealth.

EXORBITANT DEMANDS

At present workers were demanding the exorbitant war wages, while they were war weary, and would not do much work, and they had acquired wartime habits of extravagance. The result was they demanded shorter hours, worked less during those hours, and wanted wages to keep up habits of free expenditure, with the result that the Dominion today was economically worse off than before the war. The only possible remedy for this situation, Father Hingston argued, was more production and better results from labor for a given wage. This might end the vicious circle in which labor was blaming capital for profiteering, and capital was blaming labor for not producing. The only way to decrease the cost of living, he thought, was by greater production.

"At such a time as the present," said Father Hingston, "it seems to me that the Dominion Government should assist both capital and labor out of this vicious circle, because it has incurred an obligation by this great increase of circulation to which there is no actual corresponding value."

Father Hingston also argued that a comprehensive plan for the building of houses would do much to reduce the unemployment situation, give work which would prove remunerative all around, and at the same time help to relieve the house scarcity.

Further, he thought labor should postpone its demands for shorter hours while work was so precarious and living costs so high. "I think the worker should have a shorter day," concluded Father Hingston, "but he should wait for his demands until the cost of living comes down."

Dr. E. J. Mullally gave the opening lecture in the Hygiene course, covering many of the difficulties met by social workers. There was a good entry for the school course, and a number of others in attendance for the opening meeting.



Loyola Officers' Training Corps and Cadet Corps

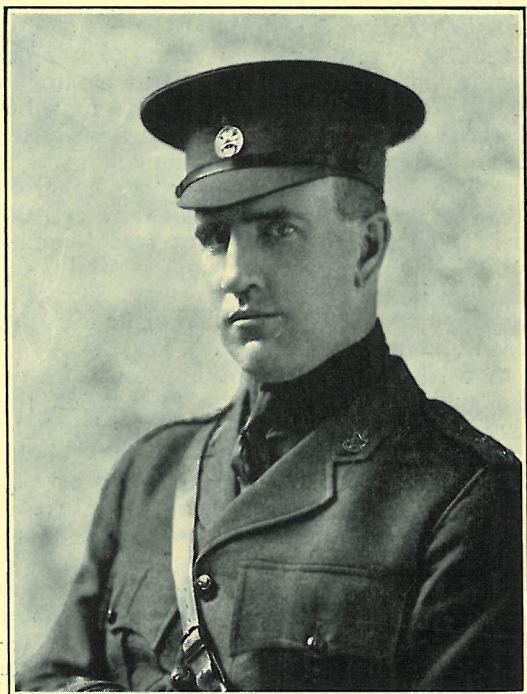
MAJOR M. J. McCRORY is one of the originators of the Montreal Irish Canadian Rangers. When the overseas battalion was formed Major McCrory went as Junior Major and for a short time was in command of the unit. When the

Captain and Adjutant until the return of the battalion to Montreal.

His experience and skill in handling men is of great advantage in the maintaining of our C.O.T.C. Major McCrory looks and is every inch a soldier.

✦ ✦

MAJOR EDGAR T. REYNOLDS is second in command of the Loyola C.O.T.C. He served



MAJOR M. J. McCRORY

regiment was unfortunately disbanded he was placed in the reserve of officers, but chafing at the delay he offered to go to the front as a private. Eventually, as Lieutenant, he joined the Eighty-seventh, then commanded by the gallant Colonel O'Donohue, D.S.O., who later died of wounds, and served as Lieutenant and Adjutant, then as



MAJOR EDGAR T. REYNOLDS

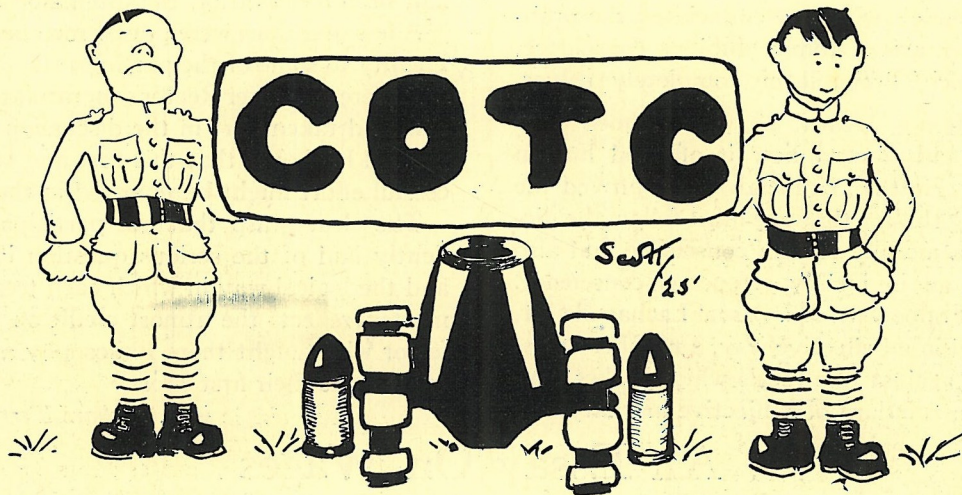
overseas with the Duchess of Connaught's own Irish Canadian Rangers and also with the Second and Fourteenth British Corps in France. The Major had the experience

of four hours in the Irish sea after the City of Leinster, in which he was crossing, had been torpedoed by a submarine. This surprise attack nearly cost him his life, as it did the lives of most of the passengers, men, women and children, many being killed by the explosion and nearly all suffering death either from drowning or exposure. Midst the debris of the wreckage and the great roughness of the sea it was almost impossible to discern and gather up the half lifeless victims.

It is noteworthy that this was the same boat which two years previously had carried over the whole battalion of the Irish Canad-

ian Rangers for their trip through Ireland. During this visit, and succeeding ones to his father's native hearth in Dungiven, Ulster, Major Reynolds learned to understand the troubles of the Irish people and more fully appreciate the ideals of the Gaelic and Sinn Fein movements.

At present he is the city salesman of the paper firm of McFarlane, Son & Hodgson. As vice-President of the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association he is organizing one of the five retreats to be held at Loyola this summer. The one of which he is in charge is scheduled to begin July 14th.



Bursaries for Catholic Schools

THE Catholic School Commission of the centre district at a meeting decided to enter a protest with the Central Board as a result of having been granted only \$34,268 for repairs for next session, when it was estimated that the sum of \$52,001 was needed. It was pointed out that, having more schools than the other districts, that of the centre should receive a larger amount for repairs.

The announcement of the founding of 40 bursaries, 10 of which were allotted to each school district, for students wishing to

enter the Technical School, was made and the secretary said that the 10 given to that district would be in use next session, though the establishment of the bursaries had been effected rather late in the season. It was decided to point out that it might be advisable to award these bursaries to the various school districts in proportion to the number of students each had finishing the elementary school (grade VI). The centre district, having the largest number of pupils, would in this way have the use of a larger number of bursaries.

The Philosophical System of Probabilism

ON Monday, March the twenty-first, at nine-thirty in the morning, the students of Third and Fourth Year Arts gave an exposition and discussion of the Philosophical System of Probabilism.

The entertainment took place in the Philosophy lecture-room, which was appropriately prepared for the occasion. The students of First and Second Year Arts were invited and the meeting was honored by the presence of Reverend Father Rector, Father Minister, Father Drummond, Father John MacDonald, Father Downes and Father D. F. MacDonald.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Paul Wickham, '21, who first enunciated the problem, which arises from a dubious conscience, and which Probabilism completely solves.

Mr. James Hearn '22, first defined conscience and showed how it affected human actions. He then enunciated and proved the following thesis; that one must follow the dictate of a morally certain conscience and also that of an invincibly erroneous conscience. The first opponent, Mr. Pascal Lachapelle '21, proposed in an effective way, a number of objections against this thesis which makes conscience a standard of subjective morality.

The basis of the discussion being established, Mr. John Dolan '21, showed that neither Tutorism nor Probabilism was the only legitimate method of disposing of a practical doubt. To his proposition Mr. William McGee '21, brought forth a few outstanding objections. Mr. Gerald Bray '22 now clearly exposed the system of the Probabilist and proved that it was the most practical system for freeing oneself from a state of doubt. Mr. Bray's exposition of a very difficult subject was very well expressed.

Mr. Antoine Wendling objected to the system of Probabilism and, after three difficulties had been disposed of, the discussion ended.

A few questions were put by members of the Faculty to some of the participants.

Reverend Father Rector congratulated those who had taken part in the discussion and expressed his hopes that this first and very successful effort might be repeated in the future.

The clear grasp that the participants evidently had of the serious question involved, and the logical way in which each treated the matter, reflects the utmost credit on the professor who taught them Philosophy and who guided this their first effort.

—F. Richard Terroux '21.

An Essay On Wages

THE present day is undergoing perhaps the greatest upheavals, this world of ours has heretofore witnessed. Awed were we at the magnitude and gigantic proportions of the World War, the like of which we said could never again be equalled, either in loss of life, or the rancor in which it steeped the hearts of mankind. Today we are not only the witnesses, but in reality the participants of the greatest and bitterest battle—aye, battle unto death—between the laboring and the capitalist classes.

What, we ask ourselves, is the cause of this bitter, antagonistic feeling between the laborer and his master? The answer—that is, the immediate answer—is not far distant: it is the greed of human kind; for the laborer of today is better off than his precursor of yesterday. We hear on all sides of us the cry for increase of wages, that the laborer cannot support his family on the remuneration

which he is now receiving for skill in craftsmanship.

In this essay we shall not busy ourselves with inquiring and investigating whether the present day demands of the laborer are just or not, that is, whether he stands in such dire need as he would try to make us believe. The point of the question which we are going to consider is whether or not the wages or remuneration of the laborer should be such as to support his family, and, if so, what sort of a precept is it that so binds the employer of labor. From a normal viewpoint is the laborer entitled to a family wage, if so, when and how does the precept bind?

Our answer to these questions will be based on general principles of ethics deduced from the consideration of man's individual nature and of human society. In the present conditions of society, which are far from conforming to the ideal, the application of these principles

is at times far from easy. Other sciences besides ethics must come into the field. The seeking of means for the betterment of actual social conditions due to capacity on the one hand and laziness on the other, and to immoral, unrestricted, cut-throat competition, belongs primarily to economics; while the deciding between the claims of charity and of justice, between the rights of the individual and of the community, in particular instances is of the domain of casuistry, or in the case of believers, of moral theology. Into neither of these domains shall we enter.

First, then, let us establish the fact that the master owes a family wage. This statement is substantiated and upheld by all Catholic writers, not only of today, but through all the centuries during which the Church has existed. Therefore, granting that a family wage—that is, a wage sufficient to keep and preserve the family of the laborer in decent comfort in a condition befitting the status in life—is the due and morally just remuneration of the worth of the laborer, we now ask ourselves, the second half of that which we started out to discuss, namely, how and in what circumstances does this precept of paying to the laborer a family wage bind the employer.

Here it is that the real knot of the proposition presents itself. There are three opinions, or views, or points of view, each of which has been defended and staunchly upheld by many moralists of great repute.

The first opinion states that a family wage is due, but—and this is the important part—due only as a matter of charity, and consequently, the laborer has no real right to a family wage, nor is the master obliged in strict justice to pay him a family wage. The obligation rests on charity alone. Hence it follows that, as the laborer has no real right, considered as such, if the master should perchance sin against charity in not paying the laborer a family wage, when he is bound to do so by charity, on account of the condition of the laborer, he, the master, is not bound to make restitution.

A second opinion, is that of those who claim, that a family wage is due the laborer, not on account of charity, nor on the claim of commutative justice, but rather on the stand of legal justice. By legal or social justice they mean the common good of the people or

nation as a whole. The reason they advance for claiming that the family wage is not based on a precept of charity, is that charity gives the laborer no real right, whereas he must have a right to a family wage, else matrimony would be conditioned on the charitable dispositions of the employer, that is to say, the wage earner would not be free to marry unless through the charity of his employer he was asked to support his family. This would be destroying the absolute freedom of entering into the state of wedlock, which, as is quite apparent, is absurd. They also state that the family wage cannot be due on the score of commutative justice, for what proportion does there exist between the individual work of the laborer, and the adjusting of his wages to the size of his family?

The third opinion claims that both the former opinions are wrong, and that the laborer is entitled to a family wage on the ground of commutative justice. By way of preamble, this opinion states that the intrinsic worth of a man's work, that is, the work of a sober, good-living, laboring man is such as to deserve of itself by its very nature, therefore intrinsically to it, a remuneration such as is capable of supporting a family of ordinary size, say four or five children. Consequently whether the laborer be married or not, whether he has children or not, simply because of his work, he is deserving of such a wage as would support a family in suitable conditions. The reason for stating that the family wage is not due in charity alone is because charity does not give to the laborer any real right. The reason for denying that the family wage is due merely because of the common good or as their adversaries like to call it—legal justice—is that legal justice has no determinate or determining virtue of its own. Legal justice is, as it were, a veneer or a finish, which superadds itself to different actions, and which transforms acts of nobility and kindness of heart into acts of legal justice. Consequently the holders of this third opinion inquire what is the virtue behind legal justice that makes the family wage due. They have proved it is not charity nor legal justice; therefore they conclude it is commutative justice, as this is the only remaining stand on which the family wage can be due.

JAS. G. HEARN.

The Loyola Literary and Debating Society, 1920-21

THE society began this year very auspiciously with the largest number of members in its history when it held its first meeting for the election of officers. The following executive was appointed for its 1920-21 session.

President..... P. Wickham
 Vice-President..... T. Walsh
 Secretary..... W. McGee
 Councillor..... J. Hearn
 Councillor..... N. Feeney
 Moderator.. .. Rev. J. Keating, S.J.

The general and individual debates which were given during the course of its bi-weekly meetings afforded its members many opportunities for self-improvement in literature and oratory and at the same time showed them its practical utility.

Its first debate was a discussion of the Irish question by members of the executive.

Fathers De La Peza, Bradley and Downes acted as judges. The consensus of opinion was that Walsh by his impassioned plea for this unfortunate country gained the decision for his side.

On the evening of April 30th the society gave a specimen of its work by means of a public debate in the College Auditorium. Bray and Walsh on the affirmative opposed McCrory and MacMahon of the negative on the following question: Resolved, that the duty of educating children belongs solely and exclusively to the state. The judges, who were Mr. Robertson, Mr. Ward and Mr. Young, awarded the laurels to the negative. The proceedings were interspersed with musical selections and were presided over by W. McGee.

The closing function of this session was the annual banquet on May 10th, which all members heartily enjoyed. WM. MCGEE.

The High School Debating and Literary Society

NEARING as we are the end of the scholastic year, it is quite in order to look back on the labors accomplished by the Loyola High School Literary and Debating Society.

The society "weighed anchor" under very favorable circumstances in that the first debate of the year was a pronounced success. This was but an earnest of what was to come, the discussions growing better and better until the climax was reached around the middle of the second term in, perhaps, one of the best debates ever heard in the High School section—the debate as to whether it would be beneficial to both countries, if Canada were to be annexed to the United States.

One noticeable feature of the meetings was the ability of the majority of the members to speak extemporaneously. This was so marked as to cause the debates from the floor, when the subject was open to the house, to be perhaps more interesting than the carefully prepared speeches of the appointed debaters.

During the second term the meetings were enlivened to a great extent by the efforts of

certain little groups to eradicate the secretary, and much amusement was furnished the house by the tirades of his opponents, in which he was impeached for everything from high treason to the mispronunciation of some honorable gentleman's name.

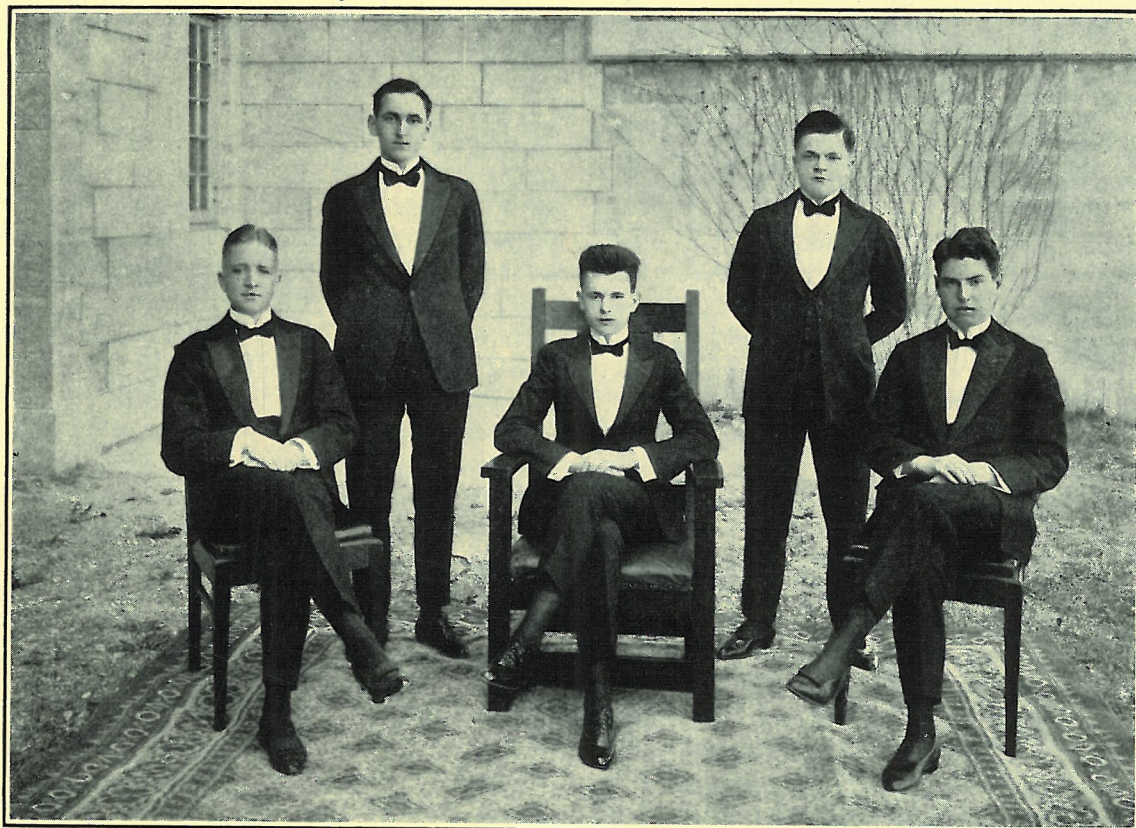
A great deal of credit is due to the officers for their self-sacrificing labor in making the year a success, for if the officers are apathetic, any society and especially a debating society, without a doubt, languishes. Of this the far greater share must go to the officers of the first term, for it was their work, and theirs alone, which enabled the officers of the second term to take over a vibrant living body in which lively interest was evident, an interest which these latter had but to foster and, if possible, increase.

A fitting conclusion to the year's work was the Annual Public Debate which took place on Tuesday, May the seventeenth, 1921. It was a pronounced success and fully satisfied the expectations of the audience, which was a large one. In the opinion of judicious critics the debate was one of the best ever given in the college in recent years.

The subject was one of universal and of vital interest: Resolved that the world war has produced more good than evil. The affirmative was very ably defended by Cuthbert Scott and Edward Lane, while Grant McKenna and Albert Frégeau strongly upheld the negative. Horatio Phelan was chairman. Right Reverend Monsignor Donnelly, Dr. Wickham and Dr. Brannen acted as judges, and rendered their decision as slightly in favor of the affirmative. The debate was very closely contested and the judges rendered their decision only

summarized the debate very well in the following words: "Scott with his charm of manner, Lane with his argumentative force, McKenna with his trenchant arguments, Frégeau with his *mots pour rire* were speakers far above the ordinary."

Violin and vocal solos with instrumental music were very much appreciated, and added much to the evening's enjoyment. The debaters have every reason to be proud of their brilliant success, and with their present foundation, without a doubt, great futures are in



HIGH SCHOOL PUBLIC DEBATERS
C. Scott, G. Lane, R. Phelan, A. Frégeau, C. McKenna.

after about twenty-five minutes consideration.

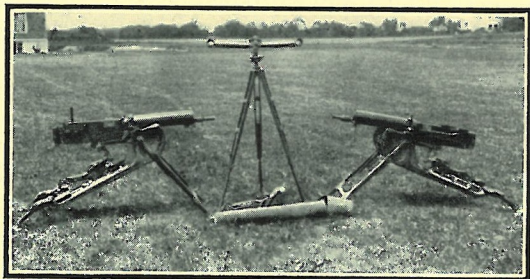
The Prince of Roman orators once very aptly said that, "The power of eloquence can never appear but when the orator is a complete master of his subject," and this was clearly exemplified by the debaters. They showed themselves to be the possessors of striking stores of knowledge on this particular question, and both sides produced very persuasive arguments. The chairman of the judges

store for them in the divers branches of public speaking.

In conclusion we would like to thank very sincerely Rev. Mr. Mulcahey, our Moderator; but for his steady unflagging zeal, little would have been accomplished; to his efforts are due what success we have had. It will be no little satisfaction to him to know that judging from the splendid results of the public debate, he has trained at least a few good speakers, and good speakers are leaders of men.

War Trophies

FROM the Canadian Government, through the War Trophies Department of the Canadian Archives, Loyola has been made the proud recipient of two captured German machine-guns. Both guns are somewhat the worse for wear. One was complete even to a cartridge which had been forgotten in the mag-



azine. The German machine-gun is a most ingenious affair, quickly set up, dismantled in a second, easily detached from its carriage and adjustable to a variety of positions.

These were presented in appreciation of the part Loyola boys played in the Great War and will be treasured as a memorial to many a boy who rests in a hero's grave.

The range finder in the centre of the picture is a very valuable instrument. It is valuable also as being the gift of Fred. O'Leary—or in war-paint Major Frederic J. O'Leary, M.C. and two bars, a much decorated officer with four years and eight months' service to his credit and appointments enough to fill a page. His principal work was with the Engineers, the First Trench Mortar Brigade which he commanded; then as Staff-Captain of the 1st Brigade and finally Brigade Major of the 1st Brigade. He was time and again mentioned in despatches for personal bravery; but the most signal service was rendered at the crossing of the Sensée Canal in October, 1918. Of his daring reconnaissance work and initiative, on this occasion it is officially stated that "the whole success of the advance was effected and made possible by his work." His brother, Charlie O'Leary (Loyola) won first wound stripe with a commission and finally, to live up to family tradition, the M.C.

These war trophies will surely perpetuate very gallant memories.

Theocentric Beauty*

The following poem, with the notes, was first published in the Montreal "Gazette" of November 18, 1920

The hidden marvels of the snow,
Which now our strongest lenses show,
Were relished with the Maker's zest
In aeons of Thine active rest
Before poor groping, blundering fools
Ascribed them to blind "Nature's" tools.

Yet few e'en now are human eyes
That grasp the dazzling Arctic skies
Or read the snows of Polar waste,
Unread save by a Godward taste.
The finest regions of this earth
Are filled with men of little worth,
Whom all Thy glories do but irk,
Because the splendor of Thy work
Is hid from their benighted ken.
They know not that they are Thy men.

Nay, all the angel hosts keen-eyed,
Now soaring low, now high, now wide,
To gaze upon Thy wondrous deeds,
A trillionth of Thy cosmic meads
Could not survey, nor gladly find
But hints of how Thy boundless mind
Flings beauty o'er Thine orbs awheel,
Which fully Thou alone canst feel.

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S.J.
Loyola College, Montreal.

"In a handful of snow there might be 20,000 crystals, no two of them alike except as beautiful variations of the hexagon.—"London Answers, quoted in the Gazette Feb, 10, 1920,

"People have tried to explain the beauty of flowers on biological grounds, but you cannot thus explain the beauty of the sun and mountains or the beauty of the sunset sky. This beauty has no utilitarian object. It is manifestly the rejoicing of the Creator in His work. Why should the sun rise in a blaze of glory and set again in the most gorgeous colors? Not for any reason except rejoicing in beauty."—Sir Oliver Lodge interviewed by the N.Y. Times, Jan. 25, 1920.

Loyola at McGill

DURING the coming autumn McGill University will celebrate in a fitting manner the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Throughout its long career of usefulness, this great centre of education has attracted students of every race and creed, from every section of the Dominion, not to mention a considerable number from abroad. To Loyola the Centenary will be of more than passing interest, because of the fact that for somewhat more than a decade, Loyola graduates have been unusually prominent in the undergraduate body of McGill.

In past years, to Loyola men has fallen by no means an inconspicuous share of the laurels which the national university holds forth to the best and most brilliant of her sons. Today, Loyola men coming to McGill are ever mindful of the reputation of their old Alma Mater, and never fail to exert their every effort, so as to reflect credit upon their earlier associations and especially upon that institution to which they owe so great a debt of gratitude.

Among the graduates of Nineteen Twenty-one in the Faculty of Applied Science, there is one to whom Loyola might point with a just and righteous pride. We refer to John M. Cuddy, B.A. ('17). John has had a notably successful career at both institutions and will be remembered by his many friends as one of the most consistent prize-winners that Old Loyola ever produced. He is a graduate in Chemical Engineering.

In the same Faculty we are also favorably represented by our old friends, Messrs. John D. King, B.Sc. ('16), Somerled McDonald, B.L. ('16), Michael P. Malone, B.A. ('20) and Leo Timmins, all of whom have achieved success in the annual examinations. As in the old days at Loyola these men have contrived to find the necessary time to devote to athletics and have been equally successful wherever the attempt was made. The "gridiron" and the hockey rink still know "Bill" McDonald and Leo, while John is enhancing his already brilliant record as a sprinter, at the same time being President of the McGill Track Club for the term 1920-21.

Coming next to the glorious Faculty of

Medicine, we find that there are no Loyola men in the final year, but in the other years we have a large but luminous representation. As most of these illustrious youths are comparatively recent graduates of Loyola, our interest in the "Med." is therefore largely of a personal, if not of a sentimental nature.

If we were to become familiar or perhaps "gossipy," we might observe that the "Med." is a rather interesting specimen. His appearance is usually one of extreme gravity, his mien stern but relentless, his conversation—however favorably begun—invariably runs to polysyllables and mystifying technical terms, which, we presume, are pregnant with scientific meaning. On the public highways, in the boarding-houses, yea, even unto the sacred precincts of "Walton's" or of "Child's," do they their fell designs pursue, the homely grid-dle-cake and the luscious plate of beans the while being interspersed with learned discussions, which, however profound in themselves, are in no wise conducive to the appetite or to the process of digestion.

This behaviour is calculated to instil a spirit of awe into the heart of the stoutest layman and is believed to have originated from a too-frequent subjection to that ordeal of a young "Med's" life, commonly designated as the "Quizz." A "Quizz," honored Sir or Madam, is a form of torture practiced by examining professors on innocent Medical Students. It is said to partake of the nature of the Inquisition of the "Popish" Middle Ages, excepting that it is far more severe. Naturally the strain of such a life reveals itself in the features of its victims. "Wilf" Noonan and "Joe" Ryan rush from the lecture-room wild-eyed and incoherent. "Freddie" Hudon has borrowed the "lean and hungry look" of the late lamented Mr. Cassius of Rome, Italy. The now cadaverous form of the once portly Eddie Amos—but perhaps we are becoming too "gossipy."

To return to seriousness; the results in the annual examinations in Medicine have not been published at the time of going to press, but the above-mentioned students, together with Messrs. Masse, Petersen and Pye, having been most successful in all previous tests, are

expected to obtain an equally satisfactory result in the present. They have Loyola's best wishes.

John O'Neill Gallery, B.L. ('17), well-remembered at Loyola for his athletic triumphs, received the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law at the Convocation in May. On the Senior Hockey team he played in his usual form—and a very good form it is.

Among his fellow-graduates with the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, we take pleasure in including Messrs. John M. Coughlin, B.A. ('16), Rodolphe Bernard, B.A. ('18), Charles C. Phelan, B.A. ('19), Edward Duckett, B.A. ('17) John Wolfe, B.A. ('19), and Murray Hayes.

Members of the Undergraduate body of the Faculty of Law now include Messrs. W. Roy Dillon, B.A. ('18), Harold Kavanagh, B. A. ('13) in the second year, and in the first year our good friend, Jacques Senecal, B.A. ('20), all of whom passed their examinations successfully and we expect will continue to do so throughout their entire course.

To these and to all our old friends, both those at the University presently, as well as those who have graduated therefrom, we feel it incumbent upon us to proffer our heartiest congratulations and best of wishes.

—Burkleigh.



FACULTY

Christmas Carol

THE past scholastic year has been marked by a notable succession of pleasing events, which from time to time disturbed the quiet serenity of our never-ceasing laborious studies.

Above all these pleasant diversities, however, towers one in particular that outshines all others and immediately engages our serious attention, namely the production of Dickens's Christmas Carol. This dramatized English Classic was staged with a precision and lively interpretation worthy of more advanced and more experienced student-actors.

Although many plays, playlets and concerts of multifarious variety have made their appearance during this and preceding years, yet few ever equalled, and with due modesty we venture to say, none excelled this last production.

The idea, which was originated by the professor of 3rd Year High, was first tried out in that class alone; as it was hailed with much enthusiasm by everyone, talent was solicited and obtained without difficulty and in a short while rehearsals were under way.

The first production took place on Sodality night, December 8th, 1920, before the student body, their parents, friends and visitors. A few days later it was staged before the general public in the college auditorium, with a nominal admittance fee, the proceeds being used to supply a Christmas tree for the children of St. Ignatius parish. On both occasions the actors were a decided credit both to themselves and their director and the final drop of the curtain was a signal for a storm of well merited applause.

Nothing was left undone that could help to attain the desired success. Lights, scenery and seating accommodation were under the capable management of Mr. Bryan, S.J., ably assisted by Wm. Brennan. We here take the opportunity of thanking Mr. H. Comerford for his valuable assistance in rehearsals, stage-scenery and stage-setting. We also thank those who helped to make the grave-yard scene the artistic and realistic production that merited the unstinted praise of experienced "theatre fans."

It would be impossible in the short space assigned us to treat of the relative merits of each and every one who took part in the play. In fact we would consider it an abuse of editorial kindness.

This much we will say, that each one endeavoured to fulfil his part to the best of his ability and succeeded remarkably well. In addition we would like to add the following excerpt taken from the Montreal Star for December 23rd, 1920:

XMAS CAROL AT LOYOLA COLLEGE

A goodly company of Dickensonians and friends of Loyola College met together in the auditorium of the college and were entertained by Chas. Dickens's Xmas Carol, presented by the Loyola Dramatic Society.

The dramatis personae were Campbell Carroll, as the hard man Scrooge; A. Camacho, as Bob Cratchett, Scrooge's clerk; E. Broderick as Fred, nephew to Scrooge; and the Ghost of Xmas—Past, Present and Future—R. Molloy. The whole performance went off with a vim, and the above, with their colleagues in the minor characters, are to be congratulated on the success they attained. There were three acts and six scenes, depicting Scrooge's office and bedroom, Bob Cratchett's home, and the graveyard.

Between acts there were musical selections from the Loyola Orchestra. Henry Leyendecker sang very nicely "Boy of Mine;" piano solo by Miss Lee Graham, selected songs by Miss Irene Dawson, who later on assisted the St. Ignatius Choir, concluding with piano solos, "Xmas Chimes", by Miss Alice Sharp.

× × × ×

In closing we once more thank those who organized and took part in this splendid production and we sincerely hope that acting of the same brilliancy will in the future receive as warm a welcome and as keen an appreciation as the production of the Christmas Carol.

D. A. MacDONALD.

Scholarships

Loyola Scholarships

39 Candidates from 19 Parishes Took Examinations.

LOYOLA College offers free tuition for eight years—four years of high school and four years of university course to candidates recommended by the Reverend Pastors of the English-speaking Catholic parishes of this city. Applicants are examined in English grammar, composition, spelling, arithmetic, geography and catechism.

Thirty-nine candidates from ten parishes took this summer's examination. The following were successful:—R. Brosseau, St. Agnes; Wm. Hurson, St. Aloysius; John Tobin, St. Anthony's; E. Lanthier, St. Augustine's; H. Louks, St. Gabriel's; M. King, St. Ignatius; John Purcell, St. Mary's; E. Fuchs, St. Willibrord's; M. Enright and W. Devlin, St. Michael's.

M. Enright obtained the highest number of marks of all the competitors.

* *

Ten Won Loyola Scholarships

Students in Open Events Tied and Friend Gave Another Scholarship.

THE results of the examinations for the Loyola College scholarships were posted up recently at the college. There were fifty-five candidates representing nine parishes and as many academies or schools. A curious fact is that several of the boys were found to attend school at a distance from their homes and although presented as

candidates from the parish in which they reside, are receiving their education in a school situated in a distant parish.

The examinations were held on June 29th and 30th, and covered the ordinary matters for entrance to High School. The results, it was stated, were on the whole highly satisfactory, as was to be expected from the careful selection of the candidates who represented the pick of the best schools.

The successful candidates in the alphabetical order of parishes are as follows: St. Agnes, Franc's Cuggy, a pupil of Olier School; St. Aloysius, J. McCrory, Chauveau School; St. Anthony's, John Hart, Belmont School; St. Augustine's, O'Neil Cherry, L. C. Preparatory School; St. Dominic's, John McAsey, Olier School; St. Gabriel's, Stephen McGuinness, Sarsfield School; St. Ignatius, Quinn Shaughnessy, L. C. Preparatory School; St. Michael's, J. Owen, St. Michael's Academy.

SCHOLARS TIED.

The open scholarship offered for competition between all the parishes was won by two boys with equal marks, William Goldsmith, of St. Dominic's School and parish, and Thomas Hanley, of Olier School and St. Agnes' Parish. This is the first time that two boys have tied for first place. Through the kindness of a friend, who does not wish his name to appear, two scholarships will be awarded instead of one. All these scholarships entitle the holders to eight years' tuition free of all charges for the full period of their High School course and for the full four years of the Arts' Course with option of special preparation for further studies in Engineering or Medicine, or for the more general preparation for Law, Commerce or Divinity.

A. M. D. G. The Non-Residents' Sodality 1920 - 21

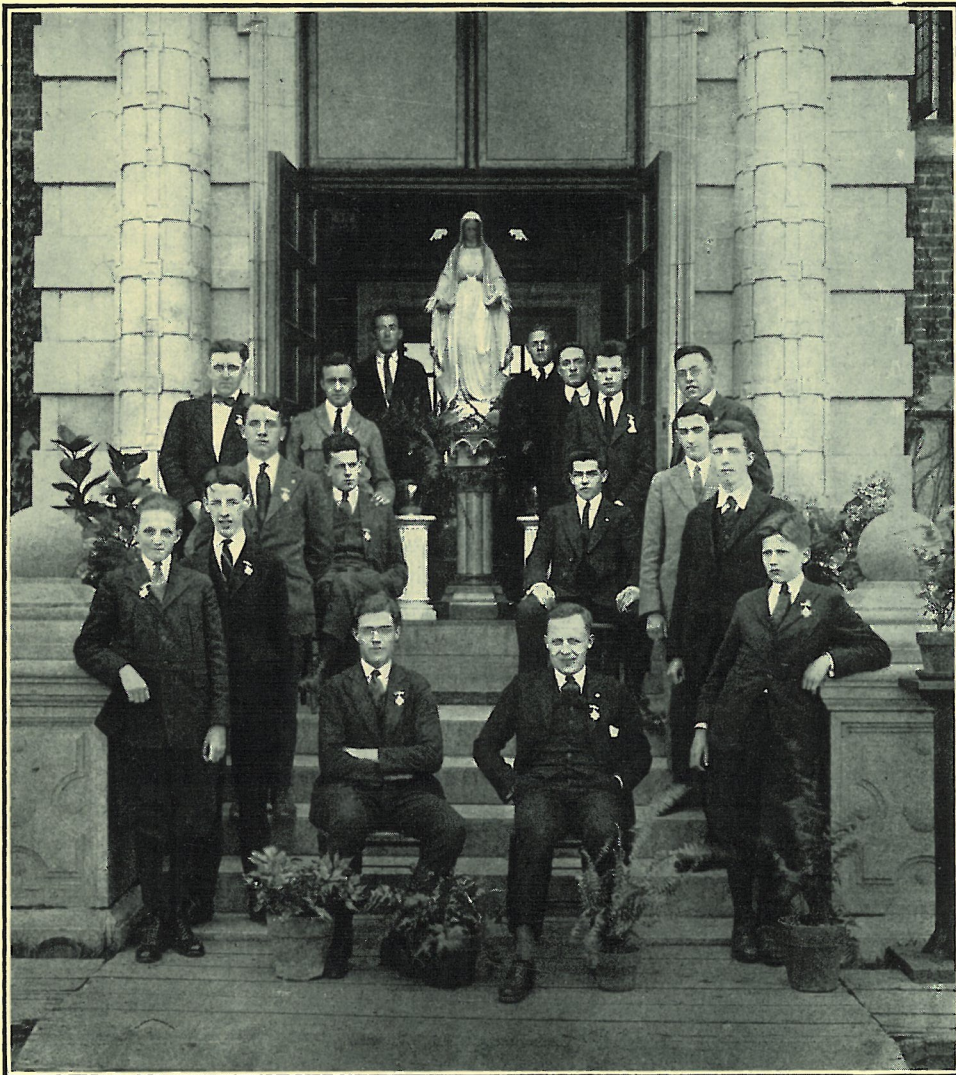
TWENTY-SIX very successful meetings were held under the directorship of Rev. Fr. Hingston, S. J., moderator for the year 1920-21 of the Day boy's section of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Every Wednesday brief interesting talks were given, after the recitation of the "office," by our moderator. Occasionally we were honored by the presence of Rev. Fr. Drummond, S. J., and his sermons were greatly appreciated by the Sodalists.

Rev. Fr. Bracken, a former Sodalist, on the morning of June 3rd, said Mass for all the members in the college Chapel. We greatly appreciated this favor, and extend to Fr. Bracken our sincerest wishes for success in his future ministry.

Frequently the members and the executive, under the guidance of the Moderator, discussed plans for the introduction in the College of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, of which our director, we are happy to state, is the Canadian Director. A few of the Sodalist joined the ranks of this wonderful league and like to have it well established in the College next year.

In concluding we wish to thank Fr. Hingston, S. J. for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Sodality and sincerely trust that next year he will again favor us by his presence.

Edmund D. McCaffrey,
Secretary.



OFFICERS OF SODALITY B.V.M.

The Boarders' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin

ON September 19th., 1920, the Annual Meeting for the year 1920-21 of the Boarders' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place. Members of both the Senior and Junior Sections of last year were present. Rev. Fr. de la Peza, the Moderator, presided and announced that the Sodality during the coming year would follow the same method of procedure as had proved so successful during last year.

An election of the major officers for the coming term then followed, giving this result:—

Prefect—Thomas Walsh, Class '23.
First Ass't.—James McGarry, Class '21
Second Ass't.—Gerald Anglin, Class '23

At a subsequent meeting of the major officers the following minor officers were appointed.

Secretary—Horatio P. Phelan.
Ass't. " Bernard Lonergan.
Treasurer—Fernand Terroux
Ass't. " Henry Leyendecker.
Consultor—Paul Wickham.
Geoffrey Plunkett.
Charles Harwood.
Frederick Manley.

Sacristan—Anthony Deslauriers.
Master of Candidates—Herbert Smith.
Choir Master—William McVey.

Throughout the year Rev. Fr. Moderator delivered a series of most interesting and instructive lectures on the "Development of Character" and "The duties of the Catholic gentleman of to-day." In the course of the year the members were also favoured with sermons by Rev. J. Milway Filion, S. J. Provincial, and by Rev. G. F. Bradley, Prefect of Discipline.

Following the precedent set in former years, during the week and a half immediately preceding the feast of Immaculate Conception, the sodalists joined with the other sodalists throughout the world in making a novena to the Queen of Heaven.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th., 1920, was a memorable day in

the years' work of the Sodality. Both the Boarders' and Dayscholars' Sodalities were participants in the day's celebrations.

The order of the day was as follows:

7.30 a.m.—Mass was sung at which members of both sodalities attended and in common partook of the "Bread of Life". Following the Mass breakfast was served to both sodalities.

At 5.30 p.m.—The Solemn reception of candidates took place. Rev. Fr. Bradley delivered a very impressive sermon on the beauty of devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

Immediately following the recitation of the Solemn Act of consecration and the Benediction of the Blessed Virgin, all the sodalists retired to the refectory where a banquet was served.

At 8.30 p.m.—A concert was given in the College Auditorium. The programme included Dickens' "Christmas Carol" which was excellently rendered by the Loyola College Dramatic Society.

Thus ended a very successful day.

Following somewhat the same plan as last year, the sodalists honoured the Blessed Lady in a very becoming manner during the month of May. The entire college was divided into four sections each taking a week for special devotions and all four combining for the celebration at the end of the month.

The closing exercises of the month took place on Sunday May 29th. The festivities of the occasion were a worthy tribute to the Blessed Virgin and fitting close to the May devotions. The campus was suitably decorated for the occasion and constituted a most appropriate background for the religious exercises and for the procession.

At 7.30 p.m.—Members of Dayscholars' and Boarders' Sodalities attended Solemn Benediction in the College Chapel.

At 8.30 p.m.—The sodalists formed up in file of procession, bearing with them a statue

of the blessed Virgin Mary. Rev. Fr. Rector delivered a brief yet useful sermon, following which the spiritual offerings which the boys had made during the month were burned before the statue of our heavenly patron.

The large number of daily communicants and the zeal and earnestness which was characteristic of the sodalists both on the spiritual and temporal sides of the welfare

of the Sodality is ample evidence of the success of the years' work.

The indefatigable energy of the Prefect combined with the hearty co-operation of the other officers and sodalists together with the whole hearted support of our Moderator, Rev. Fr. de la Peza, have all contributed greatly towards the year's success.

Horatio P. Phelan, Arts '25
Secretary.

Concert At Catholic Sailors' Club

The Sixth Annual Concert of Loyola College for the Catholic Sailors was staged at their club on the evening of the third of November.

The students, with the aid of some outside talent contributed an entertainment which, though differing in kind from last year's, was certainly as well received.

The affair was under the direction of Mr. Mulcahey, S.J., and its undoubted success is certainly due, in a great measure, to his work in organizing and rehearsing the talent we possess.

The well-chosen introductory chorus was a collection of rollicking sailor songs by the Loyola Glee Club, sung in fine form. Then a violin solo with piano accompaniment, by Eric Zimmerman and Miss Zimmerman; the Perras brothers in a trombone and cornet duet;

the senior, as well as the junior sextette; Alfred Comacho with his original humorous sayings and pathetic lyrics; a charming minuet by two of Miss Quillan's juvenile artistes in the costume of the period of Louis XIV, with three or four versatile acts from the sailors present, was followed by a few words from Dr. Ather-ton, the genial and scholarly manager of the Catholic Sailors' Club, who closed the entertainment by extending his heartiest thanks to those who took part in the concert.

The musical success was in no small measure due to Prof. Shea, who devoted a great deal of time to the vocal training of the boys participating; and we desire to thank most sincerely, Miss Quillan, Messrs. Perras and Miss Zimmerman for their contributions to the evening's success.

A Man of Routine

AT exactly 2.30 Friday afternoon, June 17th, 1920, Billy Watkins, accountant for the Fresh Krust Bakeries, Incorporated, dropped off his train at Toronto. As he is proceeding toward the store, I shall take a moment in which to make a few remarks about him.

He was, to begin with, 5 feet 5 inches in height, ordinarily good-looking, shy and decidedly not a man of action. Besides this he was accountant for the Fresh Krust Bakeries. Every mortal Friday afternoon for the past two years he had dropped off that same train at the same place and the same time, had performed the same work and returned home on the same train. He was a man of routine.

His outgoing train left at 6.01. It took him six minutes to half walk, half trot to the bakery. It then took him two hours and forty-five minutes to go over all the accounts and check up the cash. After that he had fifteen minutes in which to talk to Miss Lucy MacFarlane, the golden-haired cashier. After that he spent nine minutes walking leisurely to the station. He had now sixteen minutes before his train left and he invariably spent them eating a dozen oysters which he ordered from the station lunch room. Then he caught his train and departed. This was the one bright spot in his life, this weekly meeting with Miss MacFarlane. Again I say that he was not a man of action, but a man of routine.

But, to go on with the story, he proceeded to the store, looked over his books and then went into the front room to talk to Lucy. But today was an unusual day. Perhaps it was because it was Friday, and the seventeenth, and leap year; but Miss MacFarlane decidedly was not there and moreover no one knew where she had gone. She had left her place two days before. No reason had been given, there was no clue to her whereabouts, so sadly and dejectedly he sauntered towards the depot. As he went along he realized he had fifteen minutes extra on his hands; fifteen minutes that would have been passed in sweet communion with Lucy, had she been there. Dropping into one of the hotels along the way, he ordered a "Hires." While sipping the cooling beverage he noticed a man with a rose in his

buttonhole, who appeared to be nervously awaiting the arrival of someone or other. Soon a rather fat man came through the north entrance, swept the room with his eyes and as soon as he perceived the rose in the aforementioned man's coat, approached him and addressed him with the one word "Security," "Liberty" answered the other. "From where?" the former asked. "St. Louis" was the answer. "Thought you were New York" said the first man. "No." Immediately they turned and went out upon the street. It was about this time that Billy realized that the fat man was also wearing a rose in his buttonhole. This, combined with the fact of the strangers' action finally filtered through his dull head and apprised him that there was something queer in the wind. Immediately he resolved to follow the pair and find out what was up. After shadowing them for a couple of blocks he saw them heading for a prominent hotel. As soon as he saw their destination he dived into a flower shop and slamming a bill down on the counter, told the salesgirl to get him a rose. Pinning it in his buttonhole, he went round to the other side of the hotel and went through the back entrance. Walking into the lobby, he saw the two men standing at the other side of the room. They turned, saw him approaching, and came forward to meet him. The same conversation took place between Billy and the big man as with the other, except that Billy said he was from New York, all the time wondering why he could not hear his knees knocking against one another. "Fine" had answered the big man, "come along; we're late as it is."

Going outside, they made straight for a grey car with a chauffeur in livery standing by the curb. All piled in and the man drove off without any directions. A few moments later they stopped at a house in one of the streets belonging to people of the middle class. They went through three doors, which were opened for them from inside and the last of which was studded with steel rivets and closed with heavy bolts. As soon as all had taken seats, there being about twelve others in the room besides themselves, a thin grey-haired man began reading aloud from a list he held in his hand. Billy had been taxing his brain ever since he

had entered the place, trying to figure out what sort of a rendezvous this was. Then, all of a sudden, it struck him. It was a Convention of Crooks who, one man from each large city, pooled the money they earned by dishonest means and had a general split-up once a month. Hesitating a moment to gather resolution, he jumped to his feet and made swiftly for the door; wrenching it open, he flew down the corridor, emerged into the street and turning, fled to the corner, where he remembered seeing a drug store. Entering the telephone booth, he called up the police station; fifteen minutes later the men were all under lock and key. Three days afterwards he was presented with a purse of Five Thousand Dollars, donated by the people for his valor, and had the satisfaction of being hailed by the newspapers as a splendid example of the honest amateur detective.

Now, all this is what would have happened if he had been a man of action—but he was not, as I have already told you twice; so, after finishing his drink he proceeded on his way to the station, still some ten minutes ahead of his schedule. He was almost there when, having to cross the car tracks he went behind a west-bound, and stepped right in the way of an east-bound tram. There was a dull sickening thud, a shriek, and then, for a moment, silence; the sound of scuffling feet and shouts of excited men. "There's a doctor's office across the road; take him there," someone said, and he was lifted gently and carried into the doctor's office. When he regained consciousness, half-an-hour later, it was to hear the doctor say to him: "Well, old man, you aren't as bad as I thought you would be, just a leg and three ribs broken." Billy was aware of a numb feeling in his side and an acute pain in his right leg. The doctor called into the next room: "Miss MacFarlane, will you please bring me some cotton batting?" Curiously turning his head as the girl entered the room, he relaxed with a heavy sigh and all went blank; but nothing mattered now, he had found Lucy!

Gentle reader, if you will allow me to address you by that old and courteous form, may I ask you frankly what you think of my little story? Really, I, who am not quite unbiassed, thought it even good. So, to my surprise, did

the redoubted Censor; but in a way that I had not intended and by reading into my composition a meaning that was not mine. [You have written quite a clever imitation, he said, of the modern short story, exhibiting its chief characteristics. Of course, you have left out the objectionable features of plot too often based on a violation of the Ten Commandments, which are termed conventionalities, and are triumphantly disregarded, but you have managed to retain most of the other features. Your story exhibits the usual pretentious attempt at psychological analysis (character sketching, it used to be called), but shallow, unreal and ignorant, yet most appealing to the average uneducated reader. Your episodes are inconsequential. The ending is trivial. Your style is without taste, though full of rhetoric. I mean that you unpleasantly stress the obvious. You overdo certain figures of words and adopt turns of expression that find no justification in the thought. In a word you make use of rhetoric as do those who have learnt its devices, but, who have never acquired the taste to use them rightly. There is lack of perspective, of proportion, of harmony. Your story is just the typical short story like the best from among many hundreds that are appearing in this month's magazines. They reflect our own times, not those of yesterday, nor, I dare hope, those of tomorrow. Could it be otherwise when fierce commercial competition has produced modern advertising, which in its turn has introduced sensational methods of arresting and holding our attention by sights that fatigue our eyes, and sounds that hurt our ears, and by the use of all sorts of devices that impress our imaginations and fasten themselves in our memories, until in self-defence our perceptions become blunted and our feelings become dulled and respond only to the strongest stimuli. Logic is unthought of and its absence is unfelt. The grotesque is considered natural, for the sense of natural proportion is lost. We are living in the age of the movies and of the one-step and of jazz. Our heroes are persons of no education, to say the least. Worse still, in this age of universal literacy but scant education, every one who can wield a fountain pen or drive a typewriter may aspire to become an author; thus the output of what was formerly called literature, written by men of education for educated readers, is now a

commercial venture promoted by commercial methods and catering to the mass of readers who are incapable of discerning true worth; and so both the demand of the reading but uneducated millions and the supply from uneducated writers combine to debase the noble art of self-expression in the printed word.

Your story is much better than what it parodies, but it is full of defects. It sticks in one's memory like a burr! One cannot get rid of it. It impresses one painfully by the contrast between pretentiousness of form and

meagreness of substance, it haunts one by a sense of incompleteness, and it irritates by the misuse of language and the debasing of beautiful forms.

Thus far the Censor. I dared not contradict, nor did I have the courage to say that I had thought my contribution good on its merits as a story and not as a parody; for that would have meant the consignment of my story to the waste-paper basket, an event that few budding writers can contemplate with equanimity.

FRED DE C. O'GRADY.

How He Got An Invitation

A COLD and dreary December evening; the sky overcast and the wind whistling through the vacant streets, a night indeed to be indoors. Even the hardy traffic policeman upon whom the safety of the public depends to such an extent had taken himself for cover to the sheltering doorway, trusting that what little traffic there was would take care of itself.

As the trans-Canada Limited pulled into Windsor station at 6.35 two well-dressed young men alighted and stepped into the waiting room, followed by their various bags and baggage in the care of a "Red cap". Leaving Vancouver, five days before; two business men on a pleasure trip to the east, their gaiety quenched by the long train ride, with dismal prospects of a long wait in Montreal, already homesick and train weary, even the anticipation of Montreal hardly inspired enthusiasm.

"Well, here we are! Holmes," remarked one of the two; "so this is the Canadian metropolis, Montreal, about which we have heard so much. Montreal with its bracing winter breezes. Talk about weather, fine chance we'll have to see the city."

"I should say," replied the man addressed as Holmes, "as we have to do something and I am not going to stay in a hotel lobby from now till dinner—I should say that we brave the weather for a stroll around and we can at least work up a sufficient appetite even if we don't see much of the town."

The other readily assented and after ridding themselves of their baggage, they sallied forth

with fur collars turned high, their hands in their pockets and started to tack up Windsor St. against a stiff north-east wind. They finally reached Sherbrooke St., conversing the while from behind high rolled collars, on various points of interest that encountered their gaze. At this juncture they turned westward, thus getting the wind at their backs for a change and making travelling more comfortable. They passed the bright light shining from the warm rotunda of the Ritz Carlton. Here there was no small hesitation and argument as to whether they should curtail their walk and have dinner at once. They decided to keep on, and finally, after traversing several blocks of wind-swept streets, they stopped for a moment to look at a handsome residence to which their walk had brought them.

The house was indeed a fine example of the city's splendid residences, of a striking homelike appearance. It was surrounded by a cedar hedge trimmed about three feet high which enclosed a fine lawn in the front. A wide driveway led round from the front of the house to the garage and stables in the rear. A beautiful front entrance, with the snow neatly cleared away from the massive granite steps to the door, surmounted the verandah.

A bright glow shone from a downstairs room which was certainly the dining room, for within on a snow-white table cloth surmounted with silver cutlery reposed a dinner, and what a dinner! The soup tureen steaming hot, a prostrate turkey flaming with sauce, the varied fruits of a warmer climate—you could

almost hear the glasses straining for their ruddy portions and at each end of the mahogany table stood a waiter, with head erect, all alert, as even while they looked the family entered.

Holmes gazed pensively for a few moments. "I do believe I shall dine at this fine gentleman's house this evening, McLean," he sarcastically remarked. "His dinner and the manner in which it is served certainly do appeal to my inner man! What do you say?" "I would have no objections," answered the other, "now that you mention it, except that unfortunately we are unacquainted with the gentleman within, and, what's even of more importance, we have not been invited, Good Lord! just beholding yonder plentiful table makes me feel that it is time to go back to the Ritz and have dinner.

"No! but really" rejoined the other, "I am not joking. I am to dine nowhere else this evening than in that house which you see before you, and at that table in the good graces of my future host, whom you can see even now within; furthermore if you doubt my ability to do so, I would be very pleased to place a wager with you."

"More money than brains," snapped McLean "but if you're fool enough to offer the bet, I'm certainly wise enough to accept it, if you're not backing out already." That was enough, in a few moments the bet was arranged.

Holmes, though told in a sarcastic manner to "Go in and sit down," "Hurry up, or dinner will be cold," was inactive for about forty seconds. Suddenly he picked up a large red brick which lay on the side walk beside them, and with unerring aim hurled it at the large dining room window. It crashed into the plate glass, shattering the window with a noise like an explosion.

Following the natural impulse, both men started to run down the street, but the perpetrator of the deed, after going a few steps, turned and ran back to the doorway of the house, where he encountered an irate gentleman of middle age in evening clothes and in a justly terrible rage, who looked ready to commit murder upon the first person who should come within his reach. Before he

could do anything Holmes deftly eluded his grasp and shouted, "I saw the scamp do it, there he goes, we may get him yet," pointing frantically at the same time to his entirely innocent companion who was retracing his steps down Sherbrooke St. in record time. Without a word the irate gentleman in the dinner clothes set out in full pursuit. Fifteen minutes later they came back empty handed. Great drops of perspiration fell from their faces in spite of the temperature, and their breath came short and quick. In spite of his efforts Holmes was working fast and by the time they had reached the house again, he had acquainted the other in all humility with the fact that he was an out-of-town visitor, a prominent business man from Vancouver; that along the other side of the street he saw a man pick up a large missile and deliberately hurl it through the window. As soon as he heard the crash, he first set off in pursuit but upon second thought rushed in to inform the owner of the palatial residence.

And quite courteously did the owner of said residence, when he had sufficiently regained his presence of mind and his breath, thank this apparently innocent gentleman for his kind assistance and what turned out to be a fruitless chase.

"My dear chap, won't you stay and have dinner with us if you have not already dined?" he asked, and Holmes, after a few feeble protests, found himself seated at the table which he had earlier in the evening envied from without.

A few hours later Holmes met his fellow traveller at the station, and after soothing the latter's too just anger at being made the butt of the joke finally forced him to admit that it was an ingenious and clever plan and that Holmes had won his bet.

Unfortunately the amount was just enough to pay for a new plate glass window. As an aftermath, his host of the evening before received with his mail the following morning an envelope in which he found enough to cover the price of a new window. To the money was pinned a little slip of paper on which was written "Conscience money."

CUTHBERT A. SCOTT '25.

Kappa Pi Sigma Notes

THE following officers were elected at the first meeting of the term: Pres., G. Lonergan; Vice-Pres., G. Anglin; Sec'y, T. J. Day; Treas., Joe Hanlon; Directors, Thos. Walsh, W. McVey and Lorenzo Kelly. Bill Brennan was re-elected Sergeant-at-Arms by acclamation, and Albert Frégeau was chosen as his assistant. An entertainment committee was also chosen, its members being Tom Walsh, J. McGarry and T. Kelly.

Yet from the outset to the end of the term, change upon change took place in this executive. G. Lonergan and Lorenzo disappointed by their absence and were replaced; resignations were submitted and accepted; till at length the executive emerged from its metamorphosis almost entirely altered, with Geof. Plunkett as Pres., W. McVey as Vice-Pres., E. Broderick as Sec'y, Deslauriers as Treas., Walsh, Molloy and Downing as Directors and Frégeau and J. McCrea as Sergeants-at-Arms. And these have proved themselves most efficient and capable in their administration.

The general meetings throughout the year were well attended and great good-fellowship and keen interest was displayed. Hardly a meeting was held but some aggravating member would ask if anything was being done about the smoker caps, or when the smoker paper would appear. But then there are agitators in every organization.

The entertainment committee was not appointed for nothing. It entertained itself at least. Through the tedious autumn nights when things were wont to lag, the committee manifested itself in divers ways. There were special nights, and nights with T. Walsh in charge, and nights with G. Plunkett in charge, and nights of surprises. There were, also, towards the end of the first term, two billiard tournaments. The first was an individual tour-

nament, the other a class contest. And then, too, there was the tournament between our club and the intermediate, in which our players showed their superiority. These also served to while away the days remaining before Christmas. And, we must say here, though it is outside the province of the entertainment committee, how much the chessboard and card tables added to the delight of the devotees of chess and whist; neither must we forget our pianist Gerald Lahey, who aided the committee in no small way to keep us amused, the committee always amused us. Therefore, it was a success.

After the Christmas exams., of course, came the annual banquet. It was immense in many senses of the word. To Fr. Bradley and to those who compiled the menu, our greatest appreciation must be shown. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the banquet passed this test nobly.

We must not fail to make mention of that indescribable ball game at which many of our members disport themselves in the evening. Its genealogy is obscure, but we take it to be a descendant of baseball.

Those of us who have been here a few years will mark with astonishment the unaccountable revival of pipes in the mouths of the smokers. A pipe smoker was a curiosity, now he is no longer original. It is even difficult to borrow cigarettes.

It was but a few days ago that the club held a special meeting to bid farewell to Geoff., our Pres., and Gerry Lahey, who are leaving us for good, and whose going leaves in our midst a gap which cannot readily be spanned. May we all, when we too have left, recall with pleasure the pleasant times, the spirit of good-fellowship and the friendships made within the walls of the Smokers' Club.

Dollard des Ormeaux

THE accompanying illustration of a statuette of great merit by the late Louis Philippe Hébert, C.M.G., R.C.A., is a photograph of a very handsome gift, presented to the college by Mr. and Mrs. P.M. Wickham.

The name and work of Louis Philippe Hébert, "the first great sculptor our young country has produced," are well known to all. During his varied and eventful career, which came to an end on June the 13th, 1921, he gave to Canada many valuable works of art, which have found places of honour throughout the continent from Halifax to Calgary. But there is perhaps none, in which the artist's genius displays itself to better advantage, than in this the very latest of his works.

The story of Dollard des Ormeaux needs no repetition. It is one, perhaps the greatest, of those national feats of valour of which we are all so proud. We feel our souls stirred as we think of that little band of twenty-two young men who in July 1660 set forth from Ville-Marie (now Montreal) to meet the on-coming Iroquois, and save the infant town from massacre, and the colony from destruction. Not one knew but that death

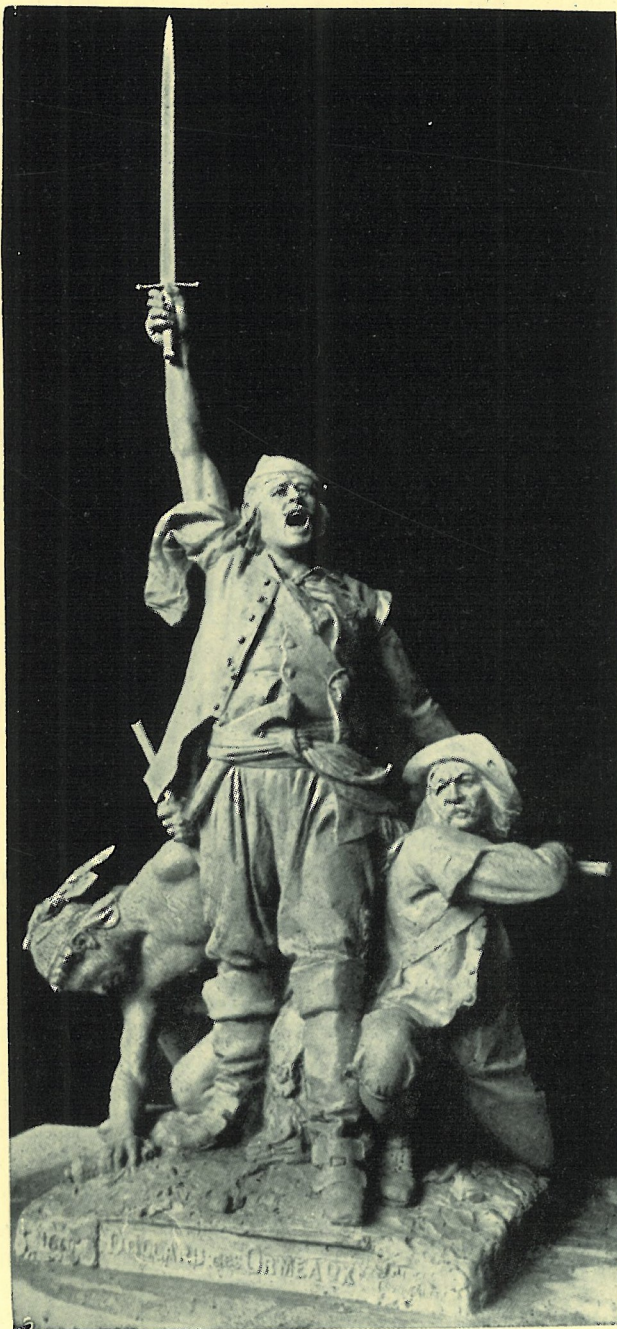
awaited him, and perhaps torture. Each one had sworn on the Holy Gospel to accept no quarter. A hero's death came swiftly to each one in the hastily-built stockade near

the Long Sault rapids of the Ottawa, forty miles above Montreal. A few faithful Algonquin Indians shared their heroic death. But the Colony was saved.

Yet as in all these stories which come down to us through history, our imaginations fail and our conceptions are stunted, until the actors are depicted in their heroism by the hand of a skilful artist. Then only is it that we are able to grasp the realities of the past.

Himself, fired by a chivalrous zeal for his religion and for his country, Louis Philippe Hébert has portrayed in the central figure all that vigour and courage, which alone could have inspired a young man to face so terrible a death for his country's sake. With sword uplifted, in that strong right arm that has broken through his battered garments, he rallies his supporters with that

indomitable strength and determination which ignores all danger and bows only before death. Kneeling at his side and vibrating



with his zeal is his companion, awaiting the deadly moment when he will have to protect his youthful leader. With calm, unfaltering gaze, he watches every movement of his enemy, his rifle flung backward with such virulence, that we are every moment expecting that it will hurtle around, dealing out death to the onrushing enemy. But what a contrast is there to all this pent-up action in the drooping form of the dying Huron. Struck in the very act of reaching for his powder horn, the hand that sought the weapon must now support his body, which in a few moments will lie lifeless at the hero's feet.

We know that Louis P. Hebert made many alterations in the group, before he let it pass from out his skilful hands. None surely spoke more truly than he himself, when he said "Now it is perfect."

The statue, which is of bronze and mounted

on a mahogany base, stands thirty inches high to the point of the sword. It rests in the parlour in the Junior building and bears the inscription:

TO LOYOLA COLLEGE
GRATEFULLY APPRECIATING
THE EDUCATION GIVEN THEIR
FIVE SONS
MR. AND MRS. P. M. WICKHAM
1921

We tender our sincere appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Wickham for so graceful an acknowledgment, and a fitting souvenir of a family, the last member of which is graduating this year. It is indeed an appropriate gift for a college, where young men are trained in high ideals and taught to esteem, before all else, a love of faith and fatherland, in defence of which they must be ready, if called on, to sacrifice even their lives.

Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum

CIVITAS DEI

"Qui dat nivem sicut lanam; nebulam [hoar-frost] sicut cinerem spargit."

Ye, children of the City, sing
Aloud the praises of your King:

For strong he built her, as He said,
And showered blessings on you all,
Established peace within her wall,
And fed you, too, with His own Bread.

And now He sends to other lands
His fond appeals and stern commands,
That they who gasp in torrid heat
Refreshed may be with genial glow
Of beauteous Salem's frost and snow,
Where He the guests with love will greet.

Thou Snow, as white as wool that's whitest!
Thou Hoar-frost that the eye delightest!
With you He quilteth all this earth

To keep it warm for spring and sun,
That when the winter's race is run
The land may smile in budding mirth.

Tis He the watchful Prince of Peace
Sends forth the word that cold must cease,
And straightway dies the blasting chill;
The melting zephyrs gently blow,
The waters burst their bonds and flow
In streams of life for every ill.

To you, the King's own subjects meek,
His loving kindness seems unique:
His justest judgments He declares
To you, His joyous, faithful ones;
And yet He calls to be His sons
The strangers—if they wish Him theirs.

NICOLAUS BECANUS.

For Charity's Sake

Montreal, February 18th, 1921.
Rev. and Dear Father Rector, P.C.

A request has come from the Rev. Father Provincial of the Hungarian Province for help to supply the boys in our colleges there with games. Their poverty is so extreme, that for four years they have not been able to purchase footballs, baseballs, etc. Our Father Provincial suggests that the boys of our Canadian Colleges be asked to contribute a mite to their less fortunate fellow-students in the Jesuit Colleges of stricken Hungary.

Yours in Christ,
J. I. D'ORSONNENS, S.J.

Loyola College, February 21st, 1921.
Dear Father Socius, P.C.

In reply to your suggestion, I am sending you a cheque for \$20. Our boys have been appealed to for so many objects of late, that I do not see how I can ask them. I wish I could send more, but this little mite comes from our own treasury and you know how void it is, and what our own needs are.

Very sincerely yours,
W. H. HINGSTON, S.J.

Rev. and Dear Father Rector, P.C.

Many thanks for your Reverence's very generous contribution. If each of the other colleges does even one-half as well, I shall have a tidy sum to send.

Gratefully, yours in Christ,
J. I. D'ORSONNENS, S.J.

AT the reading of the February remarks, Fr. Rector spoke of his disappointment at not having secured as yet money to put up a covered skating rink. He added, however, that he could not help but feel reluctant to solicit donations at a time when there was such acute distress throughout the world. He instanced the case of the boys of the Jesuit Colleges in Hungary and spoke of the impression made upon him by the numerous appeals that the post brought to him from different parts of the world, but mostly from missionary countries, many of a most urgent nature, but that he was unable to respond to as he would like.

That was all—not even a hint had been expressed and the matter would have ended there, but for the boys themselves. That same evening a number of the senior members of the Sodality held a meeting at which Rev. Father de la Peza was present, and there and then the taking up of a collection among the boys was decided upon. Volunteers came forward to take up box collections, others offered to address the student-body and others finally to organize a bazaar.

Next morning a note was passed round inviting all the boys to the recreation room in the Junior Building, immediately after lunch. Speeches were made from improvised hustings by P. Wickham, Tom Walsh, Antoine Wendling and Thad. Kelly, and the campaign to raise one hundred dollars out of pocket money was inaugurated.

The following day collection boxes were found hung up in various parts of the college, and artistically designed placards called attention to their existence. Some of these placards were scriptural in their wording, such as "So long as you do it unto one of these, the least of My brethren, you do it unto Me." Others smacked of Shakespeare or of Dickens, or were otherwise redolent of the classics, while a few less literary, but unmistakably direct and perhaps more effective, reminded the recalcitrant to "Quit stuffing yourself," "Give to those in real need!" "What you give for a pie would buy a meal for a 'Hungary' child." Do without! "The greater the sacrifice, the greater the merit."

An impromptu bazaar was held in the college auditorium on the night of March 3rd, to which none but the Faculty and student body of the college were admitted, so that the pecuniary benefits acquired for the campaign were not from any outside source, but came from within the precincts of the college itself. The bazaar was a distinct success, both from the point of view of the pleasure it gave to those who attended, and the point of view of those in charge of the campaign.

The different booths in the bazaar were well patronized. Bill Brennan did a big business as manager of the Bank. Thad Kelly and Leo Benard deserve credit for drawing the majority to the "Wheel of Fortune." Bill McVey

and Paul Wickham entertained a big crowd with the "Hit the Nigger" booth. Roger McMahon and Russel Molloy, who were in charge of the "Fireman's Chance" or "Hit the Bag," also attracted a large amount of interest. None the less interesting and quite amusing was the booth entitled "Dressing Jiggs," managed by Ed. Broderick and Alphonse Patenaude. Tom Walsh superintended a "Fish Pond" with signal success. The "Pitch and Toss" booth, with Geof. Plunkett in charge, was well patronized by all. The always popular "Refreshment Booth" was successfully managed by Gerald Gannon. The receipts from this entertainment alone amounted to \$127.13.

Each of the three remaining Fridays until Easter Sunday was designated "SELF-DENIAL DAY," on which collection boxes were placed in convenient places around the college buildings where one might deposit his contribution. Here indeed was it that the students showed themselves to be true Catholic gentlemen, possessed of a lively spirit of charity. Jack Hebert and Paul Wickham are to be congratulated on gaining the largest sum for their respective boxes. The following are the returns for the three "SELF-DENIAL DAYS:" 1st day, \$15.75; 2nd day, \$17.14; 3rd day, \$22.45.

To Rev. Father Bradley is due the idea of what was known as the "Popularity Contest," which reaped great mercenary fruit. The following were the successful candidates: In Arts' Course, Tom Walsh and Roger McMahon; in High School course, Jim Corcoran

and Gerald Altimas; and in Preparatory, Luke Stone, who was hotly contested by Jack Bradley. The sum realized by this novel form of campaign amounted to \$58.43.

The presentation to Rev. Fr. Rector of the fruits of the campaign, amounting to \$200 net, took place on March 23rd. In the presence of the whole student-body, Fr. Rector, who was visibly moved, feelingly thanked the boys for the spirit of generosity which had prompted them, of their own accord, to launch the campaign, and which they, through their noble response, had brought to such a successful conclusion. He realized that these results were the fruit of sacrifice. He was glad of the lesson they had learnt, an important one for themselves, and he hoped they would remember it through life for the sake of others, as the development of our Catholic works of charity and of education depends upon sacrifices that the laity is willing to make for them. He felt sure that Loyola boys had this spirit of generous self-sacrifice and that it would mark them in after life.

Before bringing this article to a close on behalf of the committee in charge of the campaign, we should like to thank each and every one of the students of Loyola for the honorable way in which they responded to the efforts put forth by the committees; for it is to the students each and every one of them that the success of "The Campaign for the Relief of the Children of Austria-Hungary" has to be attributed.—*J. Hearn '22.*

TO A SMALL BOY

What shall I write in your album, Jack?
 Shall I tell you a tale of the sea?
 How you went to float
 In a beautiful boat
 To a land that was fair and free?

Then you found that your boat was the world, Jack
 And Heaven your port to be.
 It will all come true
 If your whole life through
 You're the chap that you ought to be.

H. P. COMERFORD.

The Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service

THE Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service brought its fourth year of existence to a close this Spring with a distribution of Diplomas to its successful Graduates, who had finished their two years' course of study and satisfied the Examiners in the eight subjects required before the University of Montreal is asked to set the seal of approval upon the Course. Five Students won the coveted distinction of a Diploma and seven first year Students were presented with a certificate to mark the fact that they had successfully completed the first of the two years necessary to graduate as a Social Worker with a recognised University Diploma.

A large gathering of the Students' friends and others interested in the School came to witness the reception of the diplomas, which were presented by the Reverend Father Hingston, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, and Dean of the School. A short resume of the work accomplished during the past year was given by the Rector in his opening address. The students, who registered for the courses numbered 33, of whom 19 took the full course, the remainder taking special subjects. The total number of attendances was 1064, the number of lectures 122, and the average attendance at each 15. In the final exams five Students qualified to receive "Honours", having obtained over 75% of possible marks. All these points showed a decided growth over the preceding years, and give a fair promise for the future.

Dr. W. H. Atherton, Ph.D., also spoke as the representative of the Professors of the School. He brought out, in an able speech, the principal points for which the School is already notable, namely, its proved success in training Social Workers, its cordial co-operation with other charitable agencies, its fine record of former Students already engaged in social work of great importance, its high standard of scholarship and its fine list of Professors, who are each and all eminent in the branch of study upon which they lecture.

In his concluding address, after the distribution of Diplomas and certificates had taken place, the Dean again emphasized the continual evolution of the School and also indicated the lines upon which it was intended to develop it in the coming year. New courses in Child Welfare, Hospital Social Service, and Psychiatry, each under well-known Doctors who had made a life study of their respective subjects, were to be started. Opportunities were to be offered to former Graduates and others to specialize along certain lines.

The aim of the School is not only, or even chiefly, to enable its Students to attain a high level of Scholarship, though this is incidentally achieved, but to turn out Graduates imbued with high Catholic ideals of service. The breadth of this course can be seen from its curriculum, the subjects of which are taught by Professors of high standing and wide experience, but the vivifying spirit of the School can only be realized by those who have faithfully attended its Lectures. That this spirit is a very real and actual thing is attested by the affection felt by the Students for their Alma Mater, and by the fact that the Graduates return again and again and register for extra courses after they have won their Diplomas.

The school has won very favourable notice from the press and public during the last year on many occasions; it is undoubtedly now taking its place as a very live force in the community. One branch of its work, namely the preparation of statistical charts, obtained the whole-hearted commendation of the Lieutenant-Governor on his recent visit to the City to open the Child Welfare Exhibition. One particular chart, amongst several prepared by the Students of the School, attracted His Excellency's attention, and he particularly asked that he might have a copy of it for his own use. This chart showed in striking manner the mortality statistics among infants for the town of Montreal.

In addition to the regular courses of Lectures during the last year, the school has been fortunate enough to secure the services of several outside Professors eminent in their spheres of Science or Literature. In the late Fall the students attended a series of five Lectures by Sir Bertram Windle, F.R.S., on "The Origin of Man."

Other eminent visitors who lectured to the school were the Reverend Father Moulinier, S.J. President of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States, Reverend Father Siedenburger, S.J., of the University of Chicago, and Reverend William Kerby, D.D., of the Catholic University of Washington. These lectures attracted large audiences and excited wide-spread interest throughout the City. It is hoped to have

return visits from some of these powerful lecturers and also to organize other interesting Courses from outside the City during the coming year.

Distance is to prove no obstacle to those who are really desirous of joining the ranks of trained Social Workers; applications for permission to register have already been received from places as far apart as Vancouver and Prince Edward Island. As the Loyola School of Sociology was the first to be inaugurated in the Dominion of Canada, so it is, and intends to remain, the first in its high aims for the betterment of society in general by means of organized resistance to the modern tendencies of revolution and overthrow of all authority.

Gifts.

Maiden Pure!

Thine—the grace of chaste perfection,
Thine—the strength of youth's protection,
Mine—of thee fond recollection,
This—thy gift to me.

Mother Mild!

Thine—the light of love maternal,
Thine—a beauty all supernal,
Mine—a trust in thee eternal,
This—thy gift to me.

Virgin Queen!

Thine—the balm of hearts a-yearning,
Thine—a heart for mankind burning,
Mine—a life for love returning,
This—my gift to thee.

D. J. Mulcahey, S. J.

Our Canadian Pilgrims

THE year 1920, ushering in as it did a spirit of friendly relations between ourselves and our American neighbours, also brought the anniversary of an event of strange and beautiful significance to both nations, viz., "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, 1620."

The event has given rise alike to a vast amount of historical research and literary discussion. *America*, the leading Catholic weekly of the United States, opened its columns to a timely and lively controversy as to the terms "Pilgrim" and "Puritan," and from what the average reader is able to glean, the literary war wages over the misrepresentation of the Puritans as the sole living seed which was planted on the bleak New England coast, and from which sprang the living tree of the great American Republic.

While one group of correspondents uphold this idea, another wishes to broaden the term "Pilgrim" so as to convey, to quote the Irish American poet, John Boyle O'Reilly,

"All praise to others of the vanguard then!
To Spain; to France; to Baltimore and Penn,
To Jesuit, Quaker, Puritan and Priest,
Their toil be crowned, their labours be increased."

There is one phase of this interesting question, however, which with a true characteristic of American writers, has not been touched upon.

This is the fact that, before the *Mayflower* deposited its load of forlorn, tyranny-ridden, persecuted Puritans; yea, and before any of the "vanguard" of other pilgrims, the seed of civilization had already been dropped and bore evidence of lasting fruit. This was planted, not by fugitives from persecution, not by the fantastic ideas of religious fanatics, but by a happy, free, enlightened race which sprang from the flower of Old France—the colonist, the missionary, the voyageur, the coureur-de-bois.

Twelve years before the Puritans had conceived the idea of casting their lot on the bleak shore of New England; many years before Lord Baltimore had thought of leading his sturdy flock of English Catholics to hide from the malice of the Dutch tyrant, William of Orange; many years before the staid, strong-

hearted, but tolerant William Penn had called his abused bands of Quaker brethren from England and Ireland to form a community amidst the forests of Pennsylvania; yes, many years before any of these events, the light-hearted voyageur was blazing a trail to be followed by those indefatigable conquerors of New France, the missionaries.

What was the magic spell that had reached out across the waves of the Atlantic and beckoned these conquerors from their homes in the sunny valleys of France? Were their heads filled with desires of attaining golden "Eldorados," which fell to the lot of the Spanish and Portuguese settlers? Was their aim to found a base of trade with the red man, to rob him of his pelts and furs and give him nothing in return? No! Only two things prompted the earliest settlers of Canada, one was the love of adventure; the other the salvation of souls.

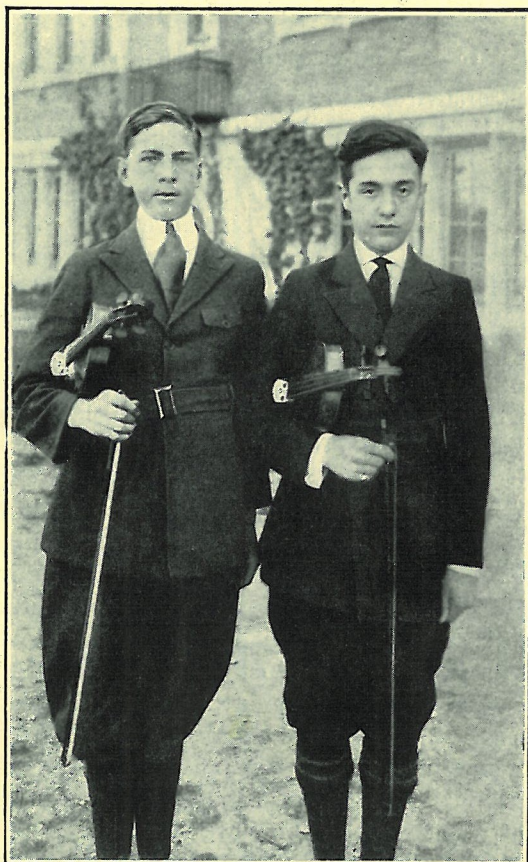
What country can point to its early history as one so richly set in peaceful romance, romance which might serve alike as the background for the novelist or the inspiration of the poet? And yet how little this is regarded by the novelists, poets and writers of Canada!

How very seldom does the English-reading public find a work based on the beautiful story of our country's early times! The Americans have a wealth of literature singing the praises and illustrating the lives of the Pilgrims, but a writer is still wanting who will pick from among the early colonists or coureurs-de-bois a Miles Standish or a John Alden.

Yet Canada's early history is a veritable mine of riches for writers, a mine from which can be brought forth the rare and brilliant gems that will adorn the crown which the authors of Canada are attempting to form. It is a treasure-house into which the student may, to his lasting benefit, delve and live for a space with the hardy pioneers of a long-past golden age, as so many of our French-Canadian writers have already done.

Let us hope that some author, poet, or student may reveal to English readers its precious, yet forgotten precincts, so that future generations may find inspiration, help and beauty in the lives of our Canadian Pilgrims.

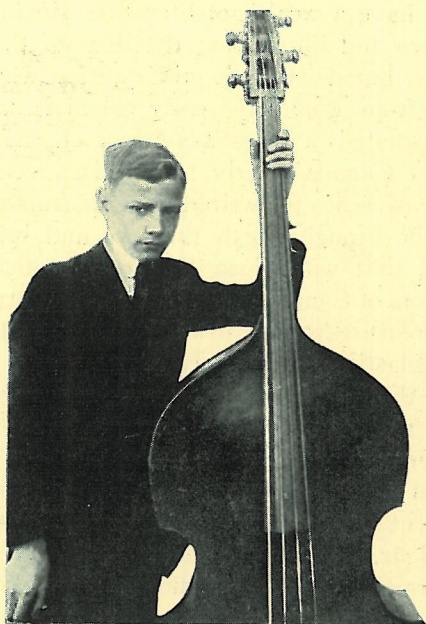
—Hermann Flynn.



FRANK LYNCH AND E. ZIMMERMAN



ASHTON TOBIN AND ED. O'C. BRODERICK



GEORGE DALY



EDWARD FORBES AND ALB. FRÉGEAU

The Juniors Seen Through Seniors' Eyes

ALPHONSE PATENAUDE left the confines of Montreal College for the freer atmosphere of "The Flat." Though not gifted with excessive powers of conversation "Pat" is a welcome arrival in our midst. He is interested in philosophy, golf and motor cars, not to mention amateur theatricals and the illustrated section of the *Standard*.

James G. Hearn or "Jim" as he is generally called is one of the "old contemptibles" and is as well acquainted with the legends of the old college as of the new. He has developed a faculty for coaxing results out of home-made scientific apparatus. He has added to the language of applied science the lucid terms "goulash" and "jigger" and participates in discussions of a philosophical nature.

William McVey, the patriarch of the "Old Contemptibles", started in 1909 and is still going strong. As manager of the college hockey team "Sam's" skill is unquestionable. He thrills the members of the "flat" with accounts of daring adventures in his motor-boat. He keeps a detailed "log" of daily events. His favourite expression is, "Who has a cigarette to lend me?"

Jacques Hebert or "Jock" has just returned from Paris and is teeming with interesting tales therefrom. His favourite hobby is defying positive law in his lately acquired "Rolls-Chev." 490. Though residing at Lachine, he is often seen near the corner of Sherbrooke and Drummond Streets.

Gerald Bray—the embodiment of motion, and endowed with a remarkable vocabulary of a literary nature. Has a passion for outdoor sports and for hunting—pens before an examination.

Thaddeus Kelly, more often known as "Tad", is another Grecian Athlete, this time from Verdun. Apart from baseball, tennis and "putting", his activities include hunting for other people's goats.

An all-round athlete is Antoine Wendling from the growing hamlet of Brockville. He is interested in public speaking and electrolysis, and adds to his muscular strength by crank-

ing the "lab" influence machine. "Windy" has a weakness for appearing in a straw hat out of season. He shows a neat pair of heels—on the cinder track.

Archambault, Jules. "Not clear yet," though he is a great source of illumination for the city of Outremont. A single gold tooth has a charming effect on his smile and both can be seen to advantage when he gratifies his weakness for sandwiches before lunch.

Sylvester, Charles personifies the gift of "youth." A much envied pompadour shows off his grey suit to advantage. The quiet town of St. Anicet will bring rest to his over-worked faculties this summer.

Archambault, Bernard, is an expert bicycle rider. On account of his tutioristic ideas, he should keep away from commerce. His philosophical training is sound, but owing to the fact that he usually speaks in Latin we miss much of his wisdom.

Beaubien, Andrew, our exponent in the manly art of boxing, who can solve any philosophical difficulty by avoiding it. He is in partnership with one of the graduates; this entitles him to the hypothetical services of a good old Henry "flivver," running most of the time on Sylvester tyres.

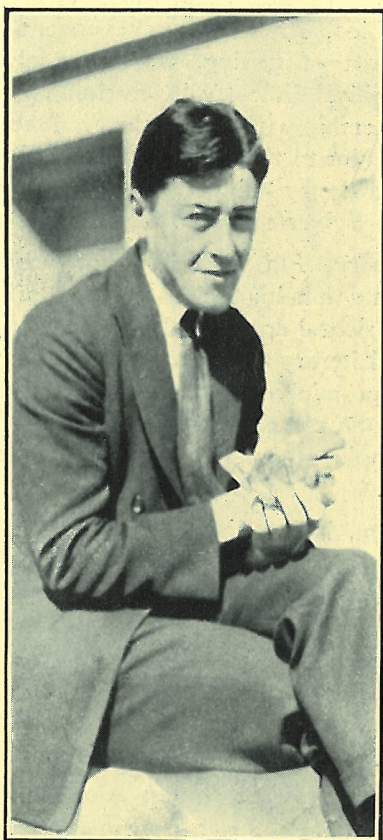
McCrory, Frank, hails from "way down East" and upholds the customs and principles of his Oriental domain. He is a shining light in the Literary and Dramatic Society and took a prominent part in the annual debate. Though he came to us late this year, he has made rapid progress and his success is noteworthy.

Feeney, Neil, delights in music and in the denial of the divine right of kings. Nature has been bountiful to him in the way of hair, which is in never ceasing revolution against the divine right of the hairbrush. Greenwich village will one day claim Neil for its own, albeit he is the shining star among the Juniors. His demonstrations in physics delight us and his worth may be readily judged by his being elected Prefect of the Day Scholars' Sodality.

The Seniors as Seen by the Juniors

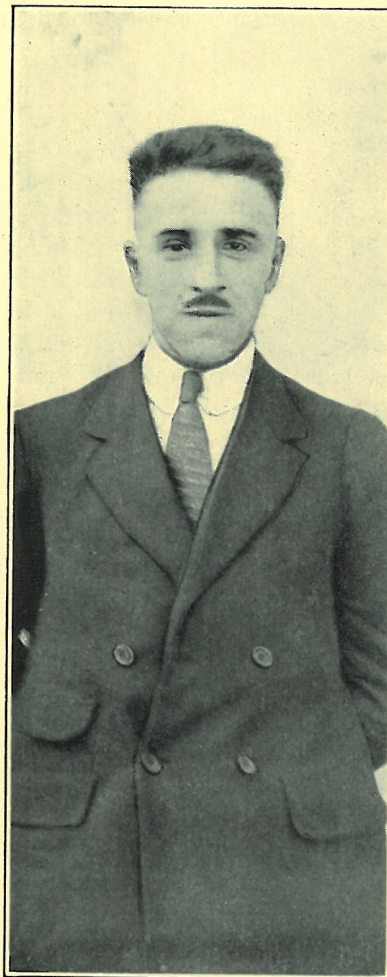
LEO Benard—"Benny" needs no introduction to the college or to the hockey fans of Montreal. From the time of his arrival at college two years ago, he has shone in hockey and baseball, and has contributed no little share to the fame of Loyola in these two branches of sport. A dominant personality in the baseball committee and the L.C.A.A. As sole representative of the west, swears allegiance to Winnipeg, his home city, Tom Mix, Bill Hart, and all "wild and woolly two-gun men." True to his friends and one of the most generous fellows in the college, there is genuine sorrow at his leaving. We are certain his vital personality will assure him success wherever he goes.

Emile Decary—Comes to us with the bloom of the country fresh on his cheeks. Has an amiable and charming disposition which has won for him considerable popularity. Play-



LEO BENARD

ing baseball and hockey well, he is a valuable addition to the class team. Could scarcely be said to be fond of mechanics or the higher sciences. Appears to enjoy lectures immensely, though he takes no active part in them.



EMILE DECARY

Slightly Bohemian in his tastes and his appearance. Has an astounding grasp on all languages, especially English. Of retiring bent, whenever there is C.O.T.C. Fond of fishing. We wish him every success in his future.

Paul Desy—Although with us only two years, we have learnt to appreciate Paul and his many good qualities. He is a sound logician and an expert mechanic, and owes

much of his success in studies to these two qualities. Though hampered by his language he is a forceful and convincing speaker in the debating society. Noted for his goaling in "Rumpus," his contagious smile and his Ford car. Of typical Gallic temperament, he is very fond of music, dancing and all sorts of "Jazz." Paul has an abundance of self-confidence and assurance that will carry him safely through life. We are all sorry to lose him.

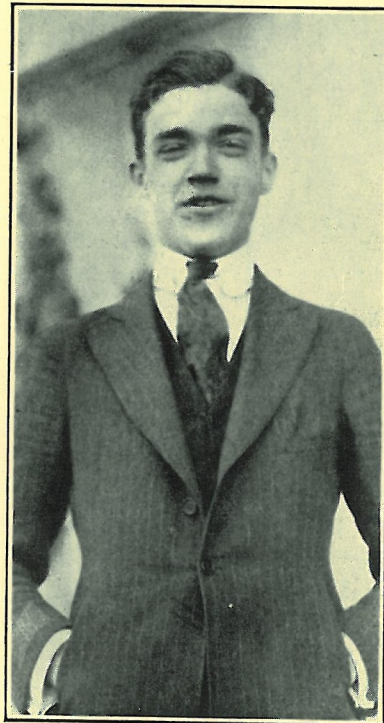


PAUL DESY

John Dolan—Genial in disposition, but possesses a keen insight into anything that requires brains or perseverance. Steady and untiring in his efforts to help the college. Possessed of true college spirit. He is a strong speaker in the debating society and is said to be an amateur actor of no mean degree. His office in the S.B.V.M. and the scientific society attest the esteem in which he is held by his fellows. He has endeared himself to all of us by his unfailing good-humor, and he may be sure he leaves behind him a host of

friends. We shall watch with interest his future career.

Pascal Lachapelle—Pascal has endeared himself to everyone of us by his characteristic optimism. He has many good qualities that will carry him far. He is very clever at physics and philosophy. President of the scientific society and a strenuous worker in his studies. We have missed him nearly the whole year unfortunately, as he contracted appendicitis. We were glad to see him back. He is a sincere speaker in the debating society and takes a great interest in the welfare of the college. Has a genial disposition and has made many friends. He is noted for his fine appearance. His hobbies are mechanics and "Rumpus." He may rest assured of our keen interest in his subsequent career.

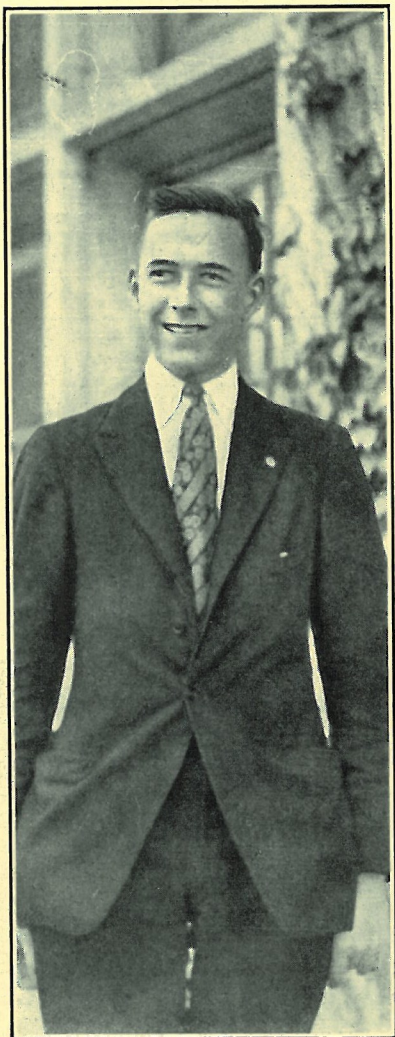


JOHN DOLAN

William McGee—During Bill's long stay at the college his attractive manner, his peculiar but effective wit and his forceful personality have won him instant and enduring popularity. It will indeed seem like another era when we fail to see Bill's graceful form wandering around the grounds.

He was a familiar figure in all enterprises and activities connected with the college.

That his many merits have not gone unnoticed is shown by his offices, as class librarian and as secretary of the debating society. In the latter position his pungent remarks have enlivened many a dull meeting. Affable and good-natured, in temperament he is artistic, reserved and fond of music. Easily recognized by his long stride and his Stetson hat.

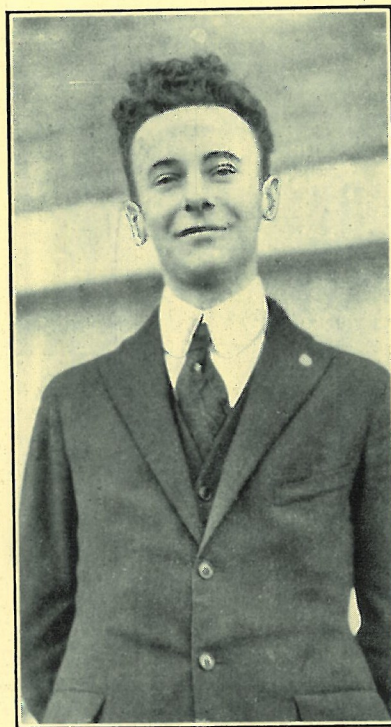


WM. McGEE

At lectures he is a clever scholar; on the campus it is rumoured that he shakes a wicked mashie. His sole recreation from the exacting duties of his studies is watching Allah come in a bad fourth. If success were measured by popularity, Billy Magee might retire now; as it is, we know that whatever he undertakes will prosper.

Fernand R. Terroux.—It is hard to do justice to "Ferdie" in a few lines. He is an enthusiastic chemist and physicist, a sound logician and a brilliant scholar in every way. His progress through the college has been marked by phenomenal success. He has been secretary of the Debating Society ('20) and holds offices in the S.B.V.M. and Scientific Society. A brilliant speaker, he can rise and talk for hours on any subject.

His ability is not confined to the lecture-room, for his pluck and temerity have made him a valuable man on the football team. He numbers skiing among his acquirements. Has a very charming manner. Calls up Arlington at any time of the day. We will all miss Ferdie's cheerful voice. His many qualities will win him many achievements, we are sure.



PASCAL LACHAPPELLE

Paul Wickham—We are not exaggerating when we say that Paul has acquired an enviable reputation both in the lecture-room and on the campus. He is quiet and scholarly at lectures, and shows no little aptitude in the "lab," while his record at college shows that

he is highly proficient in all studies. As president of the Debating Society, he left nothing to be desired and was logical and impressive as a public speaker.

It is in athletics, however, that Paul is to be especially remembered. He plays tennis, hockey, football and baseball with equal facility and was one of the first to inaugurate snowshoeing in the college. He twice won the college championship at tennis; he was a strong member of the varsity football team and he played with the Loyola junior hockey team when they won the championship of the province.

We have heard that Paul is a fine type of manly beauty. We wonder if that is why he has his picture taken so often. We blush to relate it—but Paul has an insatiable appetite for all sorts of sticky edibles, and Fatima cigarettes! His wit is often exercised upon others, and he is very fond of practical jokes.

He has the best wishes of all with him in his future, where we hope to see him a brilliant and a shining light.



RICHARD F. TERROUX



JUNIORS AND SENIORS

First Year Arts

SILENCE reigned supreme, that is, there was no noise. Night was falling, and when it broke there would be a stir amongst the huddled figures of the students of 1st Arts.

Everyone was dreaming, dreaming of untold wealth and powers beyond the sea. The air was charged with oxygen; electric currents rippled through the wires overhead without a sound.

Ah——but under the desk there was a little murmur, not loud enough to awaken the reposing figures, but loud enough to be heard from where I crouched. I peered round the corner of the desk and quickly drew back, for the black-board brush and the compass were reminiscing, and, as far as I can remember, this is what they said:

"Ah!" said the brush, "how often have I graced the hands of illustrious students! Countless times have I been held in the cool, determined grip of Earl The Thinker. More than once has Hector of the Sprightly Plume grasped me in his hand to erase the writings of Tom The Deep-throated."

"Ho-Ho", said the compass, "that is nothing, has not Alfred The Beadle confided his worries, cares and fears to me for half a year? Has not Leo The Godlike used me in his Nestorlike gestures? Has not Hugh The Wide-ruling smiled on me sweetly? Answer those questions, my friend."

"Quite right," replied the brush, "but remember that I have been intimate with many notables. I have heard more than once from the lips of Gordon The Swift-footed the story of the storm which nearly wrecked Aeneas. I have seen, through the actions of Denis The Gray-eyed, the destructive wrath of Achilles, and I have felt through the touch of Geoffrey The Far-shooting-one the hatred which Euclid had for school-boys".

"Well," quoth the compass, "perhaps you are a great brush. But you are not the only letter in the Alphabet. I can recall the times when I have heard Edmund and Morris 'The Gemina Proles', arguing over the truth of thought and bitterly condemning the dog-eyed, fawn-hearted Agamemnon. And how I have hung upon the words, sweeter

than honey, which flowed from the tongue of Bernard The Deep-Brow'd."

"Well, my friend", said the Brush, "there is no use lamenting the past. My days are quickly coming to a close; in fact they are speedily approaching night. But come, let us be cheerful. Do you remember when we chased the Skylark round this room or when we tried to stop the Wild West Wind from blowing through the Key-hole?"

"Do I?" replied the Compass, "Shall I ever forget those times of bliss and youthful jollity? But do you remember the day when Gerald The Mathematician was torn between love for the circle and duty to the triangle, or when Francis The Stagirite got angry at Vergil, made a slip in translation and drowned the son of Venus with all his pards?"

"You bet your Gradus I do", said the Brush, "but I am not through yet. Do you remember the Poetry examination, in which Gerald The Everready went from Poetry to Verse? And I suppose that you have felt the wavering hand of Paul of the Flying Chariot and have experienced the calm assurance of Michael The Studious. Well, as I said before—but stop, do I hear sounds which indicate the awakening of the subjects of our conversation?"

"No," said the Compass, "you hear the heavy breathing of one who has been listening to our conversation, but let him be, he knows no better."

"Yes, let him be," answered the Brush; "he can do no harm."

"Brush," interrupted the Compass, "we have all had our tempers ruffled; we have all had our little squabbles and fits of dejection, but now that the year is drawing to a close, now that soon we will part, perhaps forever, let us join hands, sing songs of good-fellowship and foster hopes for the morrow."'

Then I crept away. Night, which had been falling, was now cracking. My Vergil, Horace and Homer lay undisturbed upon their bed of cobwebs, and my classmates slept on. Before I cuddled once more in my corner, I strained my ears for the murmurs which had arisen from under the desk; but silence reigned supreme, that is, there was no noise.

PAUL CASEY.

First High A

I WAS in no humor for writing. The exams were on and I needed all my study for preparation. But there was no escape. The task was forced upon me by the teacher and I bowed my head. After I had chewed up sixteen pencils, and had given vent to my feelings in more demonstrative exhibitions of wrath, without interesting any one in the least, I summoned all the demons of malice and anger to help me destroy the fine fabric of which the class was composed. Oh, I was mad! To think that I should be made to judge the class. It was not at all fair. However, an idea, the first I had for many a long day, came to me. Why not chose jury, counsellors, and prosecutors and have a trial?

the counsellors chosen for saneness of views and legal knowledge. There was Gregory, Earl of Buckingham, the youngest of his line, who all agreed, had made his mark. With him came Gordon, Mayor of St. Peter's, drawn from his study of ancient lore by the solemnity of the occasion. The third was William of St. Hilary, quiet and unobtrusive, but sure in his judgments and sincere. Pleading for the Crown was Sir John Tobin, whose penetrating eye and clear voice had thrown many a culprit at the mercy of the law. In the press gallery might have been seen Harry Donald, a jovial Gael representing the "Oshawa I'll risk it" Paul Gagné from the *Sorel Klaxon*, and Maurice Janin sent by the



FIRST HIGH

I had the situation in a nutshell, or, rather in my head. Revenge was mine, and particularly sweet it was under the guise of Justice.

The place chosen was "worthy of such a trial". It was the great study hall of Loyola which had witnessed the just acclamation of work and the just condemnation of idleness. Here were gathered together all the brains and power of the law. Seated on the bench, austere and serious of mien was I, with wig and robes well adjusted and law books neatly ranged before me. On my right were

local Westmount paper, the *Blue Ribbon*.

Colonel Gavan Power, P.Q., renowned for valor both in war and in pieces, made proclamation. The prisoners advanced to their knees and bent the bar. They looked like gentlemen and not like pupils of First High A. Used as they were to adversity they could not but quail before such an august Assembly.

Sheridan, who inherited the gift of clearness and subtlety of diction of his ancestors, upheld the defence. Speaking for suffering and falsely accused humanity, he placed before the

court all the noble deeds of the arraigned; and warned the accusers of the dreadful crime they were committing in bringing these men, in the flower of their youth, to a cruel and unmerited death. At last the agony was nearly over. Raising his voice till the massive Brascolites swayed, "Remember," he said, "the awful punishment that awaits those who malign their fellows. The time will come, when you will have a new judge. The picture is horrible but I must tell the truth. Justice will force him to tax you heavily with home-work, and lines, and 'jug,' and you who now stand by, accusing the innocent, will suffer the punishment you had intended for these innocent creatures." Here, overcome with emotion, he sank. The silence awoke the court and the trial proceeded. Then Tobin read the charge of neglect of duty against the accused. "My lords, the task imposed on me by duty is indeed a hard one, but Justice must be done though I get in wrong. Oh! yes! Here before me stand eleven friends whom I must prosecute. I cannot pass over their qualities even though I fear they may accentuate their crime. My impartiality is quite evident however. Victor Belair is the first I have to deal with. His occupation is that of city traveller. He travels up and down St. Catherine Street when homework is neglected and despised. Corcoran has been under medical supervision for quite a while and the doctors have concluded his disease sportitis is serious and if he does not improve will prove fatal. Montabone who at one time led his class caught this disease and dropped from his giddy heights to mediocrity. Decary's hour has come at last. For, some time ago, when the persecution was heaviest, he skipped out of town under the shadow of darkness and hid himself in the gloomy recesses of the formidable and inaccessible Laurentides. Donohue many a time has slipped through the meshes of the law but now I promise that justice shall be done to him. Newman and McGuire, at one time shining stars of their 'gang,' are now brought to account by the mighty arm of which I am proud to be a muscle. O'Rourke, for a long time a 'dark horse,' was finally run to earth when he was seen handing spurious home-work to Belair. Lemieux, a gay Parisian, came to this country

a stranger and was finally dragged into the conspiracy much against his will. Currie and Moore need little explanation, since it is evident that if they had any dealings with the others it was through inadvertence. Thus, my lords, I have wasted too much of your precious time. Let the arm of the law stretch out its tentacles and, lifting the prisoners in its talons, crush them with its sting until the last farthing be paid. I have done."

Then the witnesses were brought up. Tynan, a profound student and noted linguist, stated that he had seen the prisoners many times copying home-work. Louis Ashton Tobin Phelan, of pugilistic tendencies, and dislike for study, was then brought forth. He said that often, when he swept the study hall with his eye and the dust had settled, he could see Currie and Donohue reading penny weeklies, and Lemieux and Decary drawing pictures. Wait affirmed that often had he met Newman and McGuire roaming the streets after 6 p.m. when they ought to have been in bed.

Next followed the witnesses for the defence, Weir, a tennis enthusiast, was the first to take the stand. He stated, that as far as he could judge, (for he never lifted his eyes in study) the prisoners were models of application. Walsh, of military fame, could swear that he had seen some of them actually studying on the street cars, while Casgrain, a Romeonic youth, was ready to compose sonnets in their praise.

The case was very hard to decide. But the jury was composed of able men. Shea and Stanford had been called from their hamlet, Scully had taken leave of his flagship, Stuart sacrificed a set of tennis, Ward neglected his grandmother's garden, and Zimmerman had stolen hours from his beloved instrument, and all for the cause of suffering humanity. These gentlemen, therefore, having considered the evidence, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The judge then said a few words, praising all for their serious and generous work during the year. He concluded by wishing them success in their exams, the best of holidays, and a prosperous year in 2nd High.

GORDON.

First Year High "B"

FIRST YEAR HIGH "B" jumped into the spot light during the mid-term examinations. Though Edward Courtemanche has left us for Second Year High we are every bit as proud as he is of the first class honors which took him there. Proud also are we of our six other Second Class Honors, and we are looking forward with confidence to the great things that Maurice Enright, William Hurson, Elmer Fuchs and Cesar Serrano are going to do in the final examinations of the year. To the seventh member of our list of honors, John Meuris, we take this opportunity of expressing a warm remembrance, together with a sincere wish for his future happiness and success.

As a hockey team First Year High "B" did not excel. Benny Meschio was captain, and a good one too. We thought we were fortunate in finding McKinnon to keep goal for us, and for a short time we were, but then, alas, he was wafted away by the undercurrent of examinations.

Luis Aspe left the class at a time when we were crowded out and in consequence there was no room for heavyweights. Beale, better known as King Beale, is the wit of the class and delights in impersonating Toto of vaudeville fame. The Cummins Bros. are famed for their practical demonstrations in fraternal charity. Donohoe is an aspiring debater and dreams daily of extending the British Empire. Dunne is our President of Games and also represents us on the football field. Devlin is good both at sports and studies, and Duncan, with a few more boxing lessons, will soon be challenging Jack Dempsey. Forbes, "the man of many experiences," specializes in the repetition of examinations. Hempey is a soccer fan and has many other hobbies, known only to himself. King, who lives near the college, owns a nice dog, which like Mary's little lamb follows him to school, but never makes himself obnoxious by his presence. Leacy plays football and they say that he will one day be re-

porter for the Prescott Journal. We have two promising violinists, and, though we should like to give them every encouragement, we ask them in future for the sake of the college to do their practising on the campus.

McCormick is captain of the Intermediate Nine and is backed by a strong team. McQuillan, from the Point, is a sure shot at pool and in consequence never loses nickels. Oland represented us in the O.T.C. inspection, Popham leads the class in matters of art, and bids fair to outdo the Angus Shops in furnishing designs for new compartments in railway cars. John Purcell is a boy of serious tendencies and is full of determination. It has been said that "Red O'Connor" is a boy who would rather eat chocolates than study and will never lead his class; but we have a strong suspicion that he is going to the contrary at the McGill Meet.

R. de Sales is something of the Martin Harvey type and would make an excellent leading man in a Spanish dance. Joe Walsh is a short and stocky youth and has the movie craze. We feel sure that if Doug. Fairbanks were to hear of his latest stunts he would be quite envious.

Wayland has come from Second Year High and is a second rate scrapbook keeper.

Lanthier is a short good-natured lad, notorious for pamphlet reading. His tastes are not exactly studious; he leans chiefly towards light literature and revels in detective serials.

In the excitement I had almost forgotten to mention our teacher, Mr. James Young, B.A. To him we owe the cheerful, hard-working merry spirit that has made the past year the happy one that it has certainly been. If there have been any cloudy days at all they were during the month of March when we missed him and prayed for his speedy recovery. But by the middle of April the sun of First Year High "B" was shining high in the heavens again—and may it never set.—*Paddy Ecossais.**

* As the name of Donald Robertson alone does not appear in this class chronicle, this young gentleman is suspected of being the chronicler whose identity is hidden under the pseudonym of Paddy Ecossais.—*Editor's Note.*

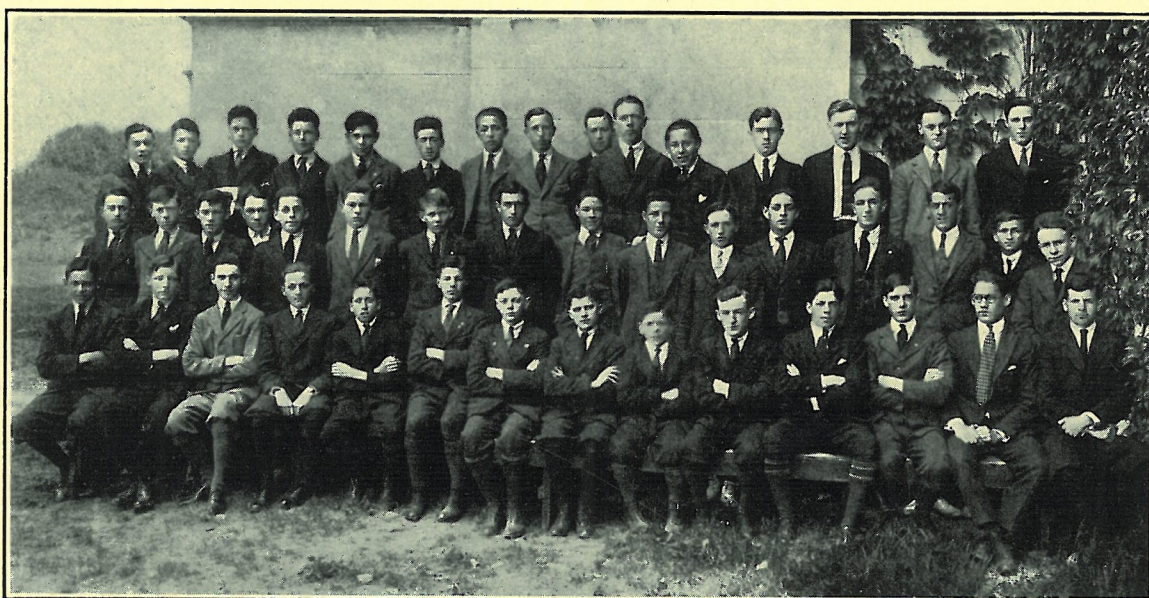
Second Year High

“YES James, I am ready, you may bring my coffee at once.”

How I remember that morning, in the middle of spring and there was I, erstwhile student at Loyola College, revelling in the luxury of a Limousine, (the untutored call it a Sedan) a house, (I cannot call it a home, for I am unmarried) and a first-class butler. These three constitute everything that goes to make an unmarried man happy. But to return to my coffee, James had barely brought

High B Class of 1920-21, which was to take place in July at Loyola College, Montreal, truly the only fitting place for such an event.

I must insert a line here concerning the schoolday traits of dear Christison. He was a smart boy but not ambitious and his sole idea of a happy life was to own a Gray Dort, become a consulting engineer and get married. He used to occupy in class a double seat in the corner and half of the aisle besides, and he would sit for hours together with his feet



SECOND HIGH

it when the brass door knocker was rapped imperiously and while he was admitting an early visitor I wondered who it might be calling at such an hour.

James brought me a neatly engraved card bearing the name, “Edward Christison, Consulting Engineer.” I was astounded and hurried to meet my old friend “Chris.” After exchanging commonplaces which were rendered less commonplace by the strangeness of the surroundings, I enquired what might be the cause of his being away out here on the Coast. He replied that he was here on business, being transformed now from a defaulting college boy to a prosperous engineer. His principal business, however, with me was to notify me of a reunion of the Second Year

somewhere on his neighbor's property, without even a thought of work entering his head,

To come back to my subject, I heartily agreed to the proposition and decided to accompany Christison back after he had transacted his other business, for which he had come West. Ten years of weary toil as a surgeon among the Chinamen, who are so numerous at the Coast, made me feel the need of a complete change.

At last I found myself in company with my friend boarding an East-bound train at Vancouver. It reminded me of the many times I had done so in the past, not on the same mission as now, but to begin again amo, or luo, or let x equal the unknown quantity, or some

of that stuff, as we used to call it then. As we sped across the Prairies.

"The dreams of youth came back again.
Low lisps of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain."

After a couple of days' travel we suddenly found ourselves at Winnipeg. Yes, there was no doubt, for whom did we meet at the station but Harold McCarry, now editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. The same old smile lighted up his face. He was on the same errand as we were and the thought of leaving home did not seem to trouble him in the least. He was just as calm as he used to be when those long drives travelled along the right field line and he would leisurely watch them land before he would decide to move his weary limbs.

As the journey by rail was becoming tedious we decided to take the boat at Fort William and enjoy the refreshing waters of the Great Lakes and incidentally take in Toronto, the home of our one-time hockey goal-keeper. As we were approaching the pier I casually remarked that it would not be a surprise to meet Adrian wandering about the place, and hardly had I finished the sentence when our friend loomed up in sight as big as a mountain. He was wandering certainly as if in search of a friend, just as he used to meander about the class during "maths 'looking for a stub of a pencil.'" He greeted us in a very off-hand manner just as he used to ask us for the weekly dime for the Sodality, especially when we needed it most.

The next morning we arrived at Montreal and went directly to the college. The signs of festivities were apparent and already a number had arrived. The first one I met was Sir Edward Cannon hurrying through the corridors, as of old, fresh from a speech in the House of Commons. During his college days he had been nicknamed Count; now for the occasion the incorrigible Christison had lengthened it to Count of Shovehal'penny. Eddy's favorite means of escaping from a recitation in class was to feign wounded surprise at being asked or else to deny all knowledge of such a lesson.

A moment later I met Brosseau and Courtemanche, who were as usual discussing some question of vital importance. Then it was

Latin or Greek irregular verbs, now it was whether Frank Duggan would come or not, for during school days he used to be more absent than present. "Salve, amice" cried René. "Bon, amicus," answered I, at the same time coughing heavily, hoping thereby to cover up my horrible mistake.

Passing down the stairs on my way to the Recreation Hall I caught a glimpse of Dowd behind a door, adjusting his cap before meeting the crowd. Many a five minutes did Eddy pass at the same duty after the classroom was cleared. At the entrance to the hall were Charlebois, Casey, Quinn, Delaney, and Burns in a group as if waiting for the Prefect to unlock the door. They all were great men in bygone days. John was always looking into the Future, but when he got there he still looked into the Future and thus he finally became renowned as an astronomer and could foretell the movements of the heavenly bodies months ahead. Strange to say, however, he could never foretell when he was going to be called on and so was often caught admiring Duggan's cartoons or the back of Dowd's head. He was most popular for he always reminded the professor when he did not hear the bell. Burns was the wise man of the class and could string off any amount of talk about a lesson over and above the required data. Trickey was the class wit in a way, and he and Quinn were generally embroiled in some bitter feud. "What's the matter" the professor would exclaim sternly. "'e 'it me and 'it 'urts," would be the doleful complaint.

"Teddy" Leyendecker, Bannon, and Matanzo were off in the corner not talking very loud but gesticulating greatly. Henry had a paper, the *Times* I think, and his face seemed worried. Evidently the Giants had lost again and Babe Ruth had failed to make his daily home run. Bannon presented the same smile and easy going temperament, while "Mat" on the contrary did not seem to have lost one ounce of that pep he used to put into the ball team. Often indeed did these two break up the game in the seventh with their timely homers while Henry supplied the "dope" on the side line.

The late arrivals were Escandon, Gorozpe and Rule. They had come all the way from Mexico and reached the college about ten at

night. Manuel is now a clever lawyer, his strong point being defence cases. His long experience of answering the professor's question with another question has admirably fitted him for this calling. Louis looked prosperous, but of course that was no indication of the reality. He was always the mystery man for us. He proved indeed a terrible mystery when twirling for the class ball team.

The next morning I met Moore, Sinclair and McConomy. The latter seemed to be trying to edge his way in between the in-

separables, but there was no chance. "In union there is strength" was their motto, which they carried so far as to have unity even in their home-work.

Suddenly the bell rang. I supposed it was to call the crowd together, but no, I felt a jerk, cool air rushed up my neck and I woke up to find myself lying in bed minus the bed clothing, they having been pulled off by my neighbor, the obliging Christison. Alas! set back just twenty years in my life. My dream was gone.

LAWRENCE J. BARTLEY, '27.

Second Year High A

THE good ship Second Year "A" of the far-famed fleet of Loyola was making her last fight. Syntax and Algebra, Latin and Greek were pouring steadily on her, but she, not veering an inch from her course fought furiously to withstand the onslaught.

The roar of Greek verbs like distant thunder, the flash of pens and the whispering of the suffering crew made the scene one of orderly confusion. The straining of her mainsails and mainstays, the groanings of her bulkheads and blockheads were terrible as the ship labored in that weltering sea of knowledge.

The men, however, stood undismayed. Alone Lacroix, of the forward battery, betrayed excitement by waving his hand as he cracked a harmless shell of Algebra that fell upon the blackboard. Cloran and MacDonald endeavoured to out-do each other in giving a leaden hail of Latin verbs. Rolland and Pangman, although newcomers on board, were already famous for their calm, deliberate return of the fusillade of shots from the enemy. Massé shifted his gaze from them only when his astonishment was aroused by gentle murmurs that expressed the feelings of his neighbor Gloutney, the terrible Dick Dead-eye of the stern. There also at the rear battery, manned by the gunners, H. Murphy, Berrea and McDonagh stood. Scully was thinking of the "better 'ole" which he would see again in a few weeks after this dreadful strain was off his mind.

Dreams were banished by Captain O'Connell's order, "Stand by for a storm"! and amidst the sudden quiet in walked the silent avenger, namely the Prefect, who, after gently consoling the wounded by giving "jug," departed as silently as he had come. Chevrier, thus interrupted in his astronomical studies at starboard, remarked that he truly was a learned man who wrote that "being in a ship is being in jail with a chance of getting drowned." Kelly and Robertson too, sitting disconsolate on the poop, pooh-poohed the classic cruise. Enthusiasm, however, revived when McCrea, who had been engaged with wonderful perseverance in solving cryptograms, burst from the chart-room with a key to a message from the enemy's commander, Cornelius Nepos. Its significance was encouraging, not to say exhilarating. Alcazar in the wireless room caught the same meaning and in an effort to convey its import gesticulated wildly from a port-hole. His calmer assistants, Rolph and Decary, explained that it showed the enemy could not hold out longer than the 21st of June.

From their point of vantage by the low windows, the look-outs, Power, Coupland, and O'Reilly watched for the end. Finally when the entire crew had received a series of jolts from heavy shells and each in turn had faced a gruelling machine-gun fire, the victorious ship sailed into port and the class year of 1920-21 in good old Second Year "A" was ended.

J. MURPHY.

Third Year High

RUSSELL MOLLOY, or as he is commonly known 'Rus', rose to his feet the other day upon the rostrum of Third Year High and announced in true senatorial style that the members of Third Year High must send in contributions for the class-chronicle immediately. He punctuated the last word with a bang of his mighty fist that awoke our trusty friend Broderick, who emitted a low grunt and once more relapsed into the arms of Morpheus. "Believe me," said Bill Brennan, "You're out of luck if you think I'm going to do any writing?" But Bill was declared out of order and promptly ejected. Then up rose the flaxen haired Bruce, the mighty leader of the Gauls, who brought his hearers to their feet in a burst of unparalleled oratory, on the value and efficiency of capable writers. Above the din of applause, Bob Dever, another proud son of the far-famed Alexandria, was heard to exclaim in deep, reverberating tones "hear! hear!", and immediately he was elected to the Third Year High editorial staff. At that moment a slight commotion was observed on the outskirts of the crowd. Some feared a hostile attack under the leadership of our worthy David McDonnell, Sinn Fein representative for Cork. But our fears were readily dispelled when Joe Beaubien fluently explained, in good old Anglo-Saxon, that he had succeeded in quelling a blood-thirsty quarrel between George Daly and Beaudoin Handfield concerning the merits and demerits, advantages and disadvantages of Outremont and Westmount respectively. Whereat John Smeaton snickered audibly, and was immediately condemned to forfeit his smoker's licence. George having duly attended to sundry evil-looking marks on his countenance and Beaudoin having notified his hatter to prepare a special two size extra, business was promptly resumed amid prolonged applause.

Archie MacDonald, editor-in-chief of the class *Recorder*, now addressed the motley throng and in calm, lucid language urged his class-mates to take up the pen. "For" said he, "the pen is mightier than the sword"; and suiting the action to the word he gently inserted his pencil under Dent McCrea's

fourth rib, who faded into the land of dreams murmuring sweetly, "Oh Dear, Oh Dear!" He was quickly fanned back to the land of reality, however, under the soothing smile of our southern representative, Leo Benlisa. Mr. Chairman then called upon Albert Fréreau, our worthy representative on the High School Debating Team. Albert received his due applause with quiet dignity, and casting his eyes, or rather his eye, on Pedro Suinaga, our light-weight boxing champion, he spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, you must pardon me if I do not speak on this momentous question as I am suffering from an optical illusion." "Encore! encore!" yelled Paul Gorozpe excitedly. Broderick awoke, and gazing on the throng with tearful eyes, exclaimed: "Veni, vidi, vici"! (he) rolled over into the wastepaper basket and has never been heard of since. To commemorate the occasion all uncovered their heads in respectful silence during the space of two minutes, while Campbell Carroll played "Fregeau's Dead March."

At this inopportune moment Bill Brennan knocked at the door and begged to be admitted, as he desired very much to study his geometry. Bill was granted his request and highly commended for his perseverance and assiduity along the lines of least resistance. Business was once more resumed and names for literary contributions to the class-chronicle were coming in fast order when Walter Wall, the debating-critic, raised an objection. He wished to know why his poem entitled "Why do I live?" had not been duly acknowledged. Mr. Chairman rose to his feet, measured the budding poet with a careful eye, and said, "The reason why you live sir, is, that you sent this poem by post and did not bring it personally." Noel Catto in one of his usual fits of abstraction murmured: "Small boys should be seen and not heard." "Oh, Stupid!" said Martin Storey of the Royal City in withering sarcasm. "Mean boy" mocked C. Mill. Mr Chairman called for order and on the motion of Francis Gaboury, the culprits were obliged to decline food during the remainder of the day in Latin, Greek, and English.

It was then proposed that samples should be read of literary material on hand, to give an insight into what was required for the class chronicle. Whereupon Dezzie Walsh, our class poet, unrolled a lengthy manuscript and began "I love to gaze upon the glowing sunset." He paused and his eyes unconsciously and most innocently fell upon the fiery locks of Gerald O'Cain, whose countenance under the restrained laughter of his fellow mates now rivalled the "Goddess of rosy fingered dawn" herself. But oil was poured on the troubled waters when the soothing tones of James Carroll rose above the mighty din inquiring "quid ad nos"? "Let us imitate the great Caesar and be men of action rather than of words". "Ach, Carramba! but you are right," exclaimed Eustaquio Escandon, familiarly known as "Zeke," "I will write this very night

about my beautiful Mexico." "And what about Westmount?" interposed Freddie Manley. "Aye, and Sherbrooke?" spoke up Dezzie Mulvena. "Yes," broke in James McGovern, sarcastically, "and Timbuctoo?"

A knock at the door once more interrupted these learned remarks, and Thomas Mooney announced that the Editor of the *Review* was calling for the Third Year High Class Chronicle.

"Oh, send him to Pointe Claire" ventured a timid voice from the back. "Eh, what's that?" muttered Kennie Courtney in startled surprise. "Nix! The prefect!" And the class was empty in the space of twenty seconds. Ah, no! One remained behind. Billie Bourgeois carefully arranged his books, consulted his wrist-watch, and with a slight curl of the lips and a perceptible elevation of the eye-brows swept majestically out of the room.

Fourth Year High

AFTER studying various works on "How to spend money trying to learn to write movie stories" my enthusiasm was roused to such a pitch that I decided to write a story "that would make each particular hair to stand on end."

I visited my old friend Mr. Griffiths who encouraged me in every way and even promised to lend me his studio. Now, fair reader, I suppose you are very anxious to hear more about my enterprise and I hope that you will

remain so throughout my story. Words cannot express how proud I was when I first saw the following flash on the trial screen of the Griffith's studio:

ART. E. LAVERTY presents THE
TRAGEDY OF A STUDIOUS SCHOLAR
Featuring

JACK QUINLAN and GERALD(INE) WALSH
With an All-Star Cast
"A IVth YEAR HIGH PRODUCTION"



THIRD AND FOURTH HIGH

FOREWORD

"In the peaceful city of Westmount lived Jack Quinlan, the most studious boy in America. Never was a man happier."

On a bright and sunny Wednesday afternoon.

The picture now begins showing Mr. Quinlan's residence and then Jack, the hero, in his room profoundly absorbed in his study of Greek. The telephone rings and Jack answers.

The other end of the line.

Ed. Lane talking in the telephone. Excepting those who are better than he is Lane is considered by his friends to be the best golf player in the country. Near him is his friend Cuthbert Scott. The smile that is on their lips spells mischief. They are trying to persuade Jack to come over and make a foursome. Jack says he must study his Greek and cannot leave the house. Lane says this is no excuse and artfully persuades Jack to play golf.

At the golf club.

The foursome is made up of Jack, Cuthbert Scott, a noted society mixer, Lane "the wonder of the links," and Dermott Murray, the club's professional, inventor of the zigzag drive. Jack is off his game that day. It takes him so long to get round the course that he misses the last train. Jack finds a rescuer in the person of Charles Genereux, a villainous blackmailer, who offers to drive him home in his car. Jack accepts.

On the way home.

In the villain's limousine are seated Jack, Genereux, and Fred Drolet, a wealthy hen-raiser who has taken up golf to reduce his weight. Genereux invites Jack to go to the races the next day. Jack refuses, saying that he never frequents such places and furthermore he has to attend class.

The next day.

Jack on waking up is greeted by the alarming thought that he doesn't know any lessons and has done no homework. He resolves to stay at home and fakes a headache.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Jack is feeling better. Having nothing to do, Jack decided to go to the races.

At the races.

Jack meets the same villain Genereux and a noted horse owner Benlisa by name. Jack bets Benlisa that the latter's horse, Black Sheep, will not win because the jockey

is too heavy. Benlisa takes up the bet and also takes the hint. He goes to a friend of his, a young, brilliant polo player, and a society gentleman who is greatly admired by the fair sex, and the clever horse owner persuades him to ride his horse. Now this man's name is Parker and his weight is about ninety pounds. Carrying such a light burden the horse wins easily and Jack loses his whole weekly allowance. The villainous blackmailer tells him not to mind a little thing like that and invites him to a ball where he assures him that he will soon forget his little loss of money. Jack accepts the invitation and a sneer of satisfaction decorates the blackmailer's lips.

N.B.—Jack is now in the villain's clutches and is helplessly treading the way that leads to unhappiness.

That night at the ball. In Mr. Harwood's house.

Jack is captivated by the charms of Gerald(ine) Walsh, the chalk king's daughter. They become dear friends as the evening wears on and the world smiles on another budding love. Assisted by Gerald(ine)'s discarded lover, Charles McKenna, the villainous Genereux persuades the girl that Quinlan is an adventurous fortune-seeker. The girl believes it and frowns on Jack's bold suit.

The next day.

Jack's love of study has been completely destroyed during the last two days. The idea of going to school is very repugnant; nevertheless he goes. At school he finds that a whole holiday has been granted that day. Jack now wends his way towards the office of McCaffrey and O'Grady, iron hearted money lenders. Jack borrows a considerable amount of money. Coming out of the building, Jack meets an old friend, Eddie Anglin, who is a baseball fan. Eddie tells him to bet on the Reds. Now, Jack is a man who likes to make sure. He visits the White Sox's headquarters and bribes three crack players; a pitcher, Tobin, a catcher, Connerly, and the best batter in the league, Whalen. These promise to do their best to lose. Then Jack bets on the Reds with a red-headed friend of his, Altimas, who gives him big odds.

The Sox lose, Tobin allowing the Reds to hit him freely, Connerly throwing wide on second and Whalen striking out in pinches.

Jack gleefully strides to his hotel and gives a banquet to the players. This arouses Altimas' suspicions. He engages George Mill, detective of world wide fame, who looks into this strange case. Jack is caught putting money in the pillows of the bribed ball players.

At the Court.

In spite of the great efforts of his lawyer, Alexis Cunningham, a heavy fine is imposed on Jack by Judge Allan.

Later.

Dishonored and ruined, Jack determines to go out west.

Out West.

Jack gets work on Collins's ranch and there tries to forget the past. After two years hard work he is greatly improved mentally and physically. Collins says he is the cleverest cowboy that ever roped a wrathful cow and Fr. Flynn, the parish priest, calls him the heartiest and most honest man he ever met. Every summer night the peaceful stars in the peaceful heavens look down upon the now peaceful Jack and Fr. Flynn enjoying their daily game of chess.

Later.

Jack loses himself in the forest and seeks refuge from the storm in a hollow tree. There he finds a wooden box and in it a paper on which are written the following lines.

"We have no use for the things of this world. We spurn riches and live for science alone. Near this tree there is an oil well which we give to whoever finds this

paper. (Signed) Charles Downing and James McAsey.

Explorers and Scientists

Then Jack becomes a millionaire and is envied by a certain socialist whose name is Phelan. He is the chief agitator in America. Phelan is caught by Quinlan lighting a bomb, which he had placed among the many cases in Jack's cellar. A terrible struggle ensues in which the millionaire gets the better of the socialist. Jack hands Phelan over to the authorities and is at once placed in the public eye as a man of right.

Jack returns to Westmount, the land of his dreams.

In Westmount Again.

He arrives just in time to prevent the fair Gerald(ine)'s parents from committing the unpardonable blunder of forcing her to marry McKenna, "the wrong man."

Jack and the "fairy girl" of his heart are then married by Fr. Boyer, the good Westmount pastor. And they intend to live happily forever after.

FINIS

"A IVth YEAR HIGH PRODUCTION."

Now, dear reader, if ever this picture reaches the market, do not fail to see it. For not only will it show you all the worthy members of the class of IVth Year High but as Mr. Griffiths told me it is also the kind of a story that will move your heart and soul and will move you yourself out of the theatre.

ARTHUR E. LAVERTY.

Senior Preparatory B

WE are a great class. Any class that can double its numbers in the course of a year must be twice as great as it was the year before. That is arithmetic. We know all about arithmetic in our class, especially Matanzo. He can do sums in all kinds of ways. He has shown us some of his ways on the blackboard. They are very funny ways, but they must be good, because he often gets sums right. We had only fifteen boys at the beginning of the year. Of course, there was Willie Menard. I don't know what Preparatory will do next year if Willie goes up to High School; it won't seem the same at all. Luke Stone has been very busy this year. Why Luke was not sent for to attend the Inter-

national Peace Conference I can't understand unless they are all members of the Sodality already. However, perhaps they will want to get up a play one day, and then they will probably send for him. Delsole is still going about like a roaring lion, seeking what he can devour, and doing splendidly. Charlie Donnelly is a lover of adventure. It wouldn't surprise me if he became the first man to fly to the North Pole in an aeroplane; he is always writing essays about it. Jack Wyatt is the beacon of the class. He is about three times as tall as most of us. When he stands up in class to answer questions, he showers down light upon all of us, and in that light we shine. Eddie Quain is a travelling agent between

First Year High and Preparatory; he is thinking of taking up dentistry. His cousin, Quain McCarry, has been with us since the beginning of the year; he is a good-tempered boy, who fights only with his brother. McGowan is a very wise-looking person, who thinks a great deal, but never tells us what he thinks about. I should think he would be a judge. Dan Keleher is a great baseball fan. The enthusiasm he expresses in words for everything in general, is tremendous, but it leaves him no energy for anything else. Jimmie Lacombe is one of those lucky people who seem to be able to come first in a competition whenever he wants to, and he has wanted to several times this term. Bedard brothers and Le Boutillier supply a

and can find excuses for anything. He is a useful person and much consulted. It was a great good fortune that sent us the Foy brothers. Everybody knows what Mickey did at McGill. He and Jimmie Hogan have given Senior Preparatory B something that we shall always be proud of.

Williams and Gallery are stalwart fellows, determined to do something great one day. Plamondon, the last but not the least of the original Prep. B, is a very quick writer; he is the exception that proves the rule for his work is noted for being neat.

We are grateful to First Year High for sending us Clement, Elliot, O'Reilly and Aspe. O'Reilly is only just beginning to get over the



PREPARATORY

pleasing French element, while "Bonnie Scotland" need never fear so long as Frank and Hugh McDougall are with us to proclaim her honour. We have a Jack-in-the-box, Willie Rinfret. He is allowed to jump about a bit for exercise, then we put the lid on him till after school. Franky Smith too seems to have a touch of spring in him throughout the year. Frank has a bicycle which will carry him and a steamer trunk tied on behind with one piece of string.

Michael Deltorquio sits in class like "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," but if the master should ask him a question he assumes an expression of pain and the position is reversed. Foley is the inventor of the class,

shock. Clement is doing well, and Elliot does for us in the class room what Foy does for us on the field. Oh, we nearly forgot. Just about a month ago, he came, from the direction of Montreal West—a real original "Shag"—Shaughnessy. Shag's a great organizer. He is bringing a team from Montreal West to play us.

Well, there are only three weeks more of this year now, and I expect we shall all go up to First Year High next year. If it is as nice there as it is in Preparatory, I shall be glad when the holidays are over; and yet it has been a very hard year. I wonder if anybody realizes what it is to have a master who is also master of the Study Hall? Still we didn't want any other.—*Will-o'-the-Wisp*.

Senior Preparatory "A"

Black is my name, and some people say
I sleep in the "Flat" both by night and by day.

Widmer am I, from the dreamy-land,
Courteous, polished, polite and "Bland."

This is Jack Bradley, quite "au fait"
"Gather ye rose buds, while ye may."

I am the spirit of poor Paul Bray,
Who haunts Kenneth Keating the livelong
day.

I am the man who has so much work
I never begin it. My name's John Burke.

To all whom dodging of work concerns,
"Apply in person to Harry Burns."

Never a Cherry so ripe as me,
I am the fruit of Preparatory.

Atlantic City is bright and gay,
But Coulson would rather at college stay.

If a thing half done is a victory won,
I am the "conqueror," John E. Dunn.

Gagné am I, who can but gain
In everything that I attain.

Behold Ganetakos, who dreams quite a bit,
And holds that he's always the better for it.

I am the pitcher, Joe Gauthier.
I pitch everything—chiefly my books away.

Gomez am I, and I slowly plod
The path that every great man has trod.

I am the great man, Francis Hough,
And, having said that, I've said enough.

Donald Hushion is chiefly known
For an English grammar that's all his own.

O boys, who puff the noxious weed,
To Gaston Imbleau's size take heed.

I am Ken of Kilkullen clan,
A terrible hot-headed Irishman.

I, Leo Martyn, head the bill
In comic and high-class vaudeville.

Hark, to the wisdom of Eddie McKay.
"Tis better far to laugh, than cry."

If any in exams should fail,
They'll see how Munich's ways prevail.

Should you find interest in "erratics,"
Study O'Connell's mathematics.

I am the dangerous St. Pierre,
First in the class, beware, beware.

In every class of composition,
Frank Starr maintains his high position.

How is it your lesson you're jilting, son?
"I've been to the movies," says Wilkinson.

—*Jingle-Bells.*

Junior Preparatory

ON a drowsy afternoon in June, when the sun beat down with a sultry, penetrating heat, I betook myself to the Study Hall, to read a book. "This," thought I, "will be interesting and profitable and certainly less tiring than tennis or baseball." Indeed, I was not mistaken. I had not been there long, when my school surroundings seemed to slip away from me and I was transported far into the future.

"Well, good-bye. Thanks so much for looking me up." The voice was a familiar one, and as I took his hand and shook it I recognized my old friend Joe Blagdon. He was very busy, being at the head of a big electrical company in Toronto. He was at the very height of prosperity and bade me excuse him, regretting that he could not spend longer with me to talk over old times. As I passed out of the door, I bumped into a fair-haired young man. He was very annoyed and turning up his sleeves he expressed a strong desire to box me. "Come on," he said, "I licked Bray at Loyola and I'll lick you too."

"Keating" I said, "what on earth are you doing here? When will you learn not to be a bully and hit a man your own size?"

"I am managing for Joe Blagdon," he said, "and doing fine." And thus we talked until I was loth to drag myself away.

That night we three met again and the better to enjoy ourselves, we went to a circus, where we expected to find nothing more than innocent enjoyment. But whom should we behold there to our great delight but our old friend Robert Lynch. He had indeed found his place. As I sat there listening to his old jokes—the same old jokes that I had heard him give vent to in class, under his breath, I could not refrain, "Lynch," I cried out at the top of my voice. Something seemed to startle him and jumping up, he brought his feet down on to the ground with a sound much resembling the roar of a cannon, and called out to me to wait for him when the show was over.

During the intervals my old companions and I talked often of the old days at school and of our former companions. Keating, in spite

of his arduous duties as manager, found time for a prodigious private correspondence, and showed me letters which he had received that day from Francis Hill and William Cantwell. Hill, I was informed, was doing wonders travelling for the benefit of a sales company. His wit and humour were said to be so great that people had been known to double their orders so as to have the pleasure of a prolonged visit from him. William Cantwell had risen to the noble position of postmaster. I myself had the good fortune of seeing him at his office next morning. He seemed very tired still. He told me that there was a great deal of work to be done and that he had a hard time getting other people to do it.

"I see you have taken to cigars," I ventured to remark. "Yes," he said, "they are the only things that get me through the day."

William Hushion, I was told, was a big jolly merchant in Montreal. It appears that he liked the life very much, it being his practice to get his employees to crack jokes for him. It was said that on one occasion Bill's laugh had stopped the traffic on St. James Street. He was in touch with Robert Cherry, the "ever slow, but sure," to whom he had entrusted the management of one of his largest stores.

Stirred by such pleasing reports, I ordered an aeroplane and flew across to Montreal, thinking to visit these prosperous old friends. As I flew over the city in search of a convenient place to land, my attention was attracted by a large and imposing-looking building, which seemed, so far as I could judge, to be on the Cote des Neiges road. I had never seen it before, and so landing in that neighborhood I walked towards it and found it was the new St. Mary's College, constructed by the city's most famous architect, Leo Duggan. He had also built a very fine Post Office on Queen Mary's road. Andrew Duggan was now a contractor engaged in building up Cartierville, St. Laurent and Ahuntsic. While in Montreal I met James Stevens. He was travelling for "Surety Ice Cream", which was even more wonderful than Purity Ice Cream which had a great run some years ago. This new

confection had been placed upon the market by no less a person than John Hemming. He had several large factories in Noo Yauk and needed good reliable representatives like James, for whenever he discovered a variety of ice cream that pleased him he retired to the hottest part of the South where he tested the samples.

I was pleased to hear that Roden Johnston now held the light-championship for America. I had hoped to see "Pussyfoot," but learnt that he was then on his way to Europe, whence he expected to return with shining honours.

James Doorly, whose ambition it had always been to see as many of the great wonders of the world as possible, had sought to satisfy his curiosity by becoming a pilot on an aeroplane. He was at that time flying between Chicago and New York, but unfortunately he was travelling by night, which somewhat impeded his powers of observation.

It was in the C.P.R. Offices that I met Arthur Stopes. He had just returned from Liverpool. As captain of the largest liner afloat, he had traversed every sea on the map, and was arranging for his immediate departure for Hayti. Alymer, his brother, he informed me, was now a doctor, and had achieved great fame for operating upon hopeless cases. He had gone into partnership with Claude Parrot, another eminent physician, whose charity and untiring zeal for the poor had so affected his health that he had been obliged to retire to the Laurentides for a prolonged rest.

It was indeed pleasant to meet so many of my old school fellows and to find that they were all doing so well. There were still, however, several others whom I had not yet met,

and I wondered how and where I could find them. Sitting one day under the trees in Dominion Square, I picked up a paper entitled "The World's Progress." Fortune had again played into my hands: for written in good-sized letters half-way down the page I read, "All contributions to be addressed to Horace Morin, proprietor and editor." A quarter of an hour later I was sitting in his office. He was going to spend the week-end with Gerard Sampson, who was the lord of a little homestead in the country. It was he, Horace Morin, who told me the greatest of all news—that Louis Robert had left banking to his father and brothers, and had taken over the charge of other accounts, and was teaching his brethren to pile up other treasures. He was now a bishop and had just sent George Primeau as a missionary to China.

As we sat on talking, the door opened and a figure advanced slowly into the room. His face, which was a very wise one and very heavily spectacled, was buried in a book, out of which he continued to read passages in an absent-minded way until he bumped into me. At first he drew back and seemed dazed at seeing me. "Well, Kimlin," I said, "and what are you doing here?"

"I have just completed my famous serial," he said, and he handed me a bundle of manuscripts entitled, "The Pup with the Yellow Eye."

What was that? I jumped up from my seat and fell over the book which had just slipped from my lap. There was the noise of many voices around me and before I had time to shake myself out of dreamland I had been tumbled through the door and was engaging in a hundred-yard sprint to the refectory.

—P. J.P.L.S.

The Boy With The Black Eye

A twelve year kid with a fine black eye—
The lid shut tight, all purple and green—
Is proud as Punch to let it be seen.
Can you tell the real reason why?

Bested he wasn't in any mean fight,
Nor hit in the dark by a banging door;

No, it came to him fair in a football score;
That's why he sports it with keen delight.

No grudge bears he against the chap
Whose foot laid on the gaudy blurs;
For the lad has won his knighthood spurs
And for beauty marred cares not a rap.

L.H.D.

Oct. 21. 1921.

FOURTH YEAR HIGH

(With apologies to Longfellow)

This is the class-room ideal. The thirty young men and their teacher,
Learned the most, and with Latin themes quite distinct in their memories,
Stand like Romans of old, with voices communing in Latin,
Stand like sophists hoar, with minds that solve every problem.
Loud from his little office, the deep-voiced neighboring prefect
Speaks and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the culprit.
This is the class-room ideal: and this is the wonderful story
Spinning itself like a web round the lives of the virtuous thirty.

In Sault au Recollet land, near the shore of the river of meadows,
Distant, secluded and still, the little hen-house of Drolet
Lies in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretch to the eastward,
Giving to Frederick the greens and the barley, the food of his chickens.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden that played his piano,
Fair, and when she sang, Fred made excuses for homework.
Also at peace with God and the world was Quinlan of Westmount,
When, with his colleague late, he bore, to the prefect at noontide,
Pouches of fine-cut weed and dimes his constant companions.
Noise of hurrahs and peals of laughter, were heard in the class-room,
Voices of children at play, as Whalen and Lane and Benlisa
Trippingly entered in haste, and pleasantly gave their excuses.
Solemnly down the aisle came Hermann Flynn, and the others
Paused in their play to dodge the hand he extended to bless them;
Reverend walked he among them—and up ran Charlie Genereux;
Brown was his face as the very berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Brown, yet how brightly it shines while blissfully eating a sandwich.
Late with the afternoon arrives our Seumas from Dublin;
Slender of form is he, and tall, aye, slim as the reed of the desert.
Entered then Cuddihy staid, and beside him Harwood the dapper.
Charlie was Basil's friend—their fathers from earliest childhood
Slept in the self-same church, as these their children in study.
Walking from side to side, with a lordly air and superbly,
Edmund McCaffrey came, and feeling Phelan and Boyer and Downing,
Youths whose lives glide on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened in shadows of earth yet reflecting an image of heaven.
With others, Ed. Anglin the gentle, their pet, and the pride of the class-room,
Dreaming of days gone by, of Quebec, and still seeking affection.

Anxiously scanning the mail, in hopes of a message from Gerald.
Suddenly rose from the north a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, as Gerry was wakened,
Gerald of Altimas stock, the strawberry blond from St. Michael's,
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, just as Walsh lighted up; and the
prefect

Whirled, from aloft through the air, a strap, which descending, hit him,
Whirled, as the thresher's flail, full in the midst of the harvest.
Allen, McKenna, Scott, Benlisa and Conery also
Were scattered away, like flakes of snow, o'er this continent boundless,
From the cold rooms of the flat to sultry hidden recesses.
Meanwhile, apart and alone, McNally and Collins
Talked of the trials and tears, of the troubles and sadness of Erin,
Whispered of right that would win; and Nightingale, famed as the songster,
Murmuring ever of love to them, and pensive Alexis.
Then from his silver case, Murray gave to the singer
Thrice what the nestling had asked, three cigarettes and three matches;
Told of the maids he had wooed, told of the maids without number,
Spoke of young Lorne's sad case and showed them the Statue of Justice.
Fair was she and young, that maiden betrothed to Parker;
Vainly he strove to grow, that when she was standing beside him,
No more she'd have to stoop to catch each word that he uttered.
Much they marvelled to see the riches of Frederick O'Grady,
All his bright ties and his hats, and the brillianine on his tresses.
Ripe in wisdom is Mill, but patient and simple and childlike.
He is beloved by all, except by Ashton the slow-coach;
For he chased him around as a nurse the mischievous children,
Told him that simple tale of excuses used in the college,
And how the dentist served as a fake for a day in the city.
Stalwart and stately in form is Arthur, who ran on the Field-day;
He was a valiant youth and his face like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

Still stands the class-room ideal, but under its roof on its benches
Sit another class with other teachers and customs.
Only but three or four of last year's virtuous students
Linger among the new generation in Fourth Year High class-room.
Still from his little office the deep-voiced neighboring prefect
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the culprit.

—BASIL CUDDIHY

Electrical Entertainment

THE demonstration by the class of Physics which took place on the evening of May 16th, is an item such as we have been unable to record during the last few years. So great however was its success and the credit which it reflected upon the members of Third and Fourth Year Arts, that we believe it will find a welcome place among the annual events of Loyola College.

Being in itself an innovation, the occasion was made still more conspicuous by the presence of the Right Honorable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, P.C., G.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec who with Lady Fitzpatrick were the honoured guests of the evening. A small but distinguished gathering of other invited guests filled the lecture hall.

All who are in any way acquainted with recent developments in electricity will readily recall that the matter to be covered is considerable in extent; for this reason the programme was divided into two sections. Neil Feeney, assisted by Antoine Wendling, dealt with Static and Current Electricity in a very able manner, Magnetism and Induction being capably illustrated by Fernand Terroux with James Hearn as demonstrator.

Beginning with the powers of attraction and repulsion which some bodies possess when brought into frictional contact with catskin or with glass, Neil Feeney carried his audience through the different stages of discovery, during which various uses have been found for this yet undefined power called electricity. No theories were put forward which were not exemplified and this account would be essentially lacking if it failed to express a tribute of appreciation to Antoine Wendling and James Hearn to whose admirable co-operation success of the almost numberless experiments was due.

Neil Feeney concluded his lecture by showing how the quantity of current passing through a circuit is regulated, thus demonstrating the fundamental use of the domesticated fuse. Calm and logical, he exposed his subject matter with a clearness and precision which sustained the interest of his audience throughout.

After a brief intermission Fernand Terroux, with the aid of James Hearn, expounded and exemplified many theories. Humorous at times, he seemed to find pleasure in the fact that nobody doubted him when he asserted that the lead bar by means of which he manifested the attracting powers of a small electric magnet, weighed slightly over one hundred pounds.

Owing to the more spectacular effects obtainable with high frequency electricity, his matter was of more general interest than that of Neil Feeney. Transformers emitted tongues of electrical flame in all directions, and beautiful color effects were obtained, while numerous experiments initiated a very interested audience into even the mysteries of the electron theory.

Any account of so pleasant and instructive an evening would be incomplete were it to close without a word of thanks to Pascal Lachapelle, who as chairman presented the subject in so clear and pleasing a manner.

It remains for us but to reiterate the wish that the Physics Demonstration of Third and Fourth Year Arts, which has contributed so much to the successes of the past scholastic year, may continue upon our list of annual events, and may we add a hope that in the not far distant future we may obtain more perfect and more numerous instruments to enable us to make our demonstration an even greater success than that of May 16th, 1921.

FRANK MCCRORY, '21.

ATHLETICS



EXECUTIVE L. C. A. A.

A. DesLauriers, G. Carroll, G. Alunias, G. Anglid, M. Collins,
T. Walsh, R. MacMahon, Rev. F. D. Macdonald, G. Gleeson, J. Hanlon.

Baseball

ON Wednesday April 26th the baseball season opened at Loyola. The boys showed greater interest than ever before in the outcome of the various games. The teams exhibited a fine spirit and a game was never lost until the last man was put out.

In order that each class might have a better chance by playing against a team of equal strength it was thought advisable by the baseball committee to form four leagues instead of three as had been customary.

The Senior league comprised all the classes in the Arts Course together with 3rd and 4th year High. The Intermediate league was composed of 1st year high "A" and "B" and 2nd year high "A" and "B". The Junior league offered an opportunity to the younger members of the last named classes to participate in battles on the diamond. The Boys of the Preparatory classes had a league of their own, known as the "Prep" league.

Rhetoric Class after losing the opening game to Philosophy was never again defeated and won the shield which is given to the Senior Champions by defeating 4th High in the last game of the season by the score 12 to 11. The game was more interesting than the score would indicate, being full of nerve-racking moments and breath-taking stops. 4th year made a gallant uphill fight, rallying in the late innings but the lead accumulated by the Sophomores early in the game was too great for them. Second year High "B" under the able coaching of Mr. Holland, S.J. became Champions of the Intermediate league when they went through the schedule without a defeat. 1st Year High "A" easily took the honors in the Junior League. Senior Prep. "B" won five games; tied one and lost none, to finish at the head of their division.

Six games were played every Wednesday and Saturday, weather permitting, on the Campus.

Rugby

THOUGH not quite as successful as last year, nevertheless, it can be said that the Rugby team had a good season. There was no lack of enthusiasm, for at the beginning of the season more men than were needed for two teams turned out. "Happy" McLaughlin came out to coach the team early in the season and later his work was taken up by Torry Shibley, whose services to the team were inestimable. In the Collegiate division of the Q. R. F. U. we maintained last year's standard by coming second. The fact that there are three teams in this division and that we were tied for second place is of little consequence. The games were as follows:

Loyola vs McGill. On Oct. 9th, the first game was played against McGill at Loyola. From beginning to end it was a tussle. The McGill squad however, proved too heavy for us and at the end of the last quarter, they left the field victorious. The score was 16 to 7. After the game there were refreshments for both teams.

Loyola vs McGill. On Oct. 20th, we met McGill again at the stadium. The weather was bad and the field was spongy and slippery. In the first quarter it began to rain and continued till the end of the game. Under such conditions McGill easily defeated the College team who were always at a disadvantage in sloppy weather. There were refreshments after the game by the kindness of the McGill team.

Loyola vs McDonald. Oct 27th. This was another bad day. There were showers during the game. The game proceeded scoreless until the 3rd quarter when a McDonald man secured a loose ball and broke away for a touch. There was no other score. McDonald had won 5 to 0. When the game was over the McDonald men joined us in light refreshments.

Loyola vs McDonald. This game was played at St. Anne's on Oct. 30th, under ideal conditions. It was perhaps the best game of the season. For a time the score was 3 to 3. Then Loyola made a touch which was not converted. McDonald got the ball and forced their way within a few yards of our touch

line. But for three downs our line held. The whistle blew and the game was ours by 8 to 3. The McDonald team repeated their hospitality of last year and were our hosts for supper and the Hallowe'en dance that followed. It was a most enjoyable evening.

There were three other games also which were not league games.

Loyola vs Westmount High. This game, the first of the season was played at Loyola on Oct. 6th. Both teams were evenly matched, the game ended with the score 8 to 5 in favor of Loyola.

Loyola vs Old Boys. True to tradition the Old Boys came out to the College to try their hand at Rugby in the annual match. They started the scoring and at half time had established a lead while we were pointless. But in the second half the College came back and piled up twenty odd points and held the Old Boys scoreless, so that at the end of the game it was 20 to 2.

Loyola vs Ottawa Collegiate. Last year Ottawa visited Loyola. This year Loyola went to the Capital. The game was played about three thirty p.m. Something was the matter with Loyola, they did not hold, they did not get going, most likely it was the trip that upset things thus, anyhow we were defeated 25 to 8. After the game there was not time to tour the Capital, and we nearly lost our train.

Thus closed the Rugby season for Loyola. Out of 7 games played, we won three, which is not a bad average.



Inter-Class Hockey

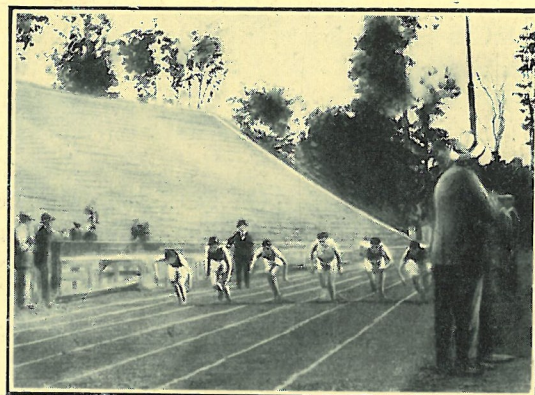
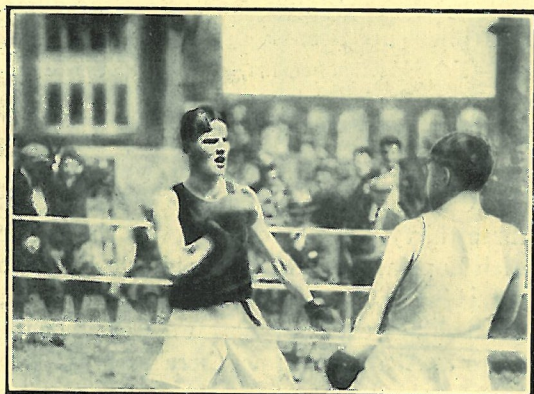
AN abundance of snow, a lack of cold weather, and an outdoor rink, were the three factors which prevented the Inter-Class Hockey League from playing all of its schedule of perhaps too lengthy games. The Hockey Committee worked steadily and were given splendid support by the student body, but in spite of all this the schedule could not be completed. Nevertheless, Masters and students were all agreed that never before in the history of the college had they witnessed such good Hockey in the Inter-Class series. The games were all strongly contested and large scores were not to be found. In the senior league, Philosophy won the shield, but not without great difficulty. In the Intermediate and Junior

Leagues excellent hockey was also the order of the day. It is by means of such leagues as these that the young players are trained for the Junior and Senior teams, and judging from material on hand this year the College need have no fear for its future in Hockey.

The non-completion of the schedule only emphasises the more the need of an indoor rink at the college. Everybody realizes the necessity of this, but at the same time there is not one who does not know of the circumstances which prevent its being built.

On the whole we may conclude that the Inter-Class League this year was a distinct success both as regards the class of Hockey played, and the interest taken in the games by the student body.

M.J. COLLINS



Football

THE INTERMEDIATE TEAM

ALTHOUGH the Intermediate team is in no league, nevertheless, the squad was daily at practice, and managed to win the two games that it played, the success being chiefly due to the untiring efforts of Antoine Windling the Coach. The games played were:

Loyola 20—Westmount 0

Loyola 6—Stratcona 1.

In the first game Loyola had no difficulty in defeating the Westmount team. Captain Brannen and Herbie Smith carried the ball well. Lane and Lopez were most effective in line plunges. Des Lauriers and McKenna backed well around the ends. In the second

game Loyola had greater difficulty and had to go the full extent of play to win. Suinaga first kicked for a Rouge, but Stratcona came back strong and tied the score. The game was played on hard ground and the going was slow at times, but at the call of time Loyola managed to be in the lead. Phelan broke up the bucks well while Bannon made some good end runs.

The team — Backs: Bannon, Smith, Brannen (Capt), Suinaga, Anglin.

Scrimmage: Phelan, Tobin, Fregeau.

Wings: McKenna, Walsh, DesLauriers, Mill, Lopez, Lane and Scott.

Geo. Mill, '25.

City League Champions

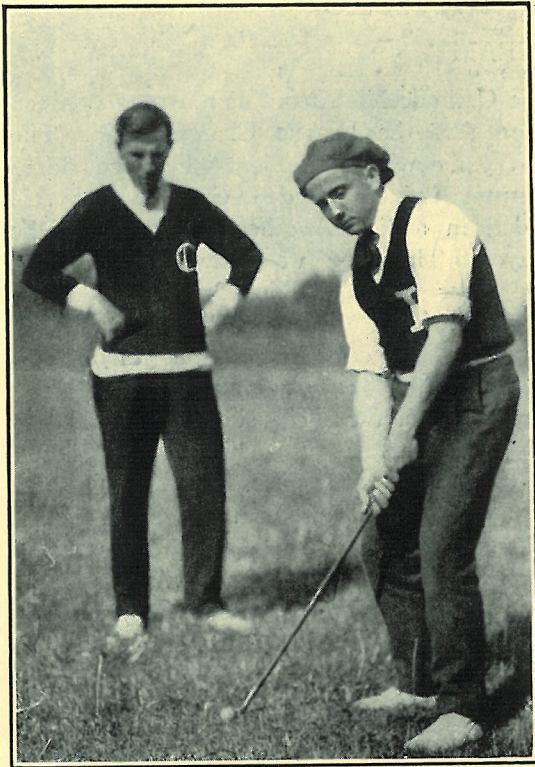
THE JUNIOR TEAM

WHEN the Hockey Season opened it seemed that Loyola's Junior Team was not quite up to the mark of former years. Only two of last year's championship team remained and an almost entirely new team must be chosen. However, with D'Arcy Leamy as captain, playing centre, and Roger McMahon on the defence, we still had two of the best men in the League. With Benard, last year's outstanding star, as coach, a team was soon rounded into shape and they showed their worth by winning the Junior League Championship, thus keeping the cup which last year's team had captured.

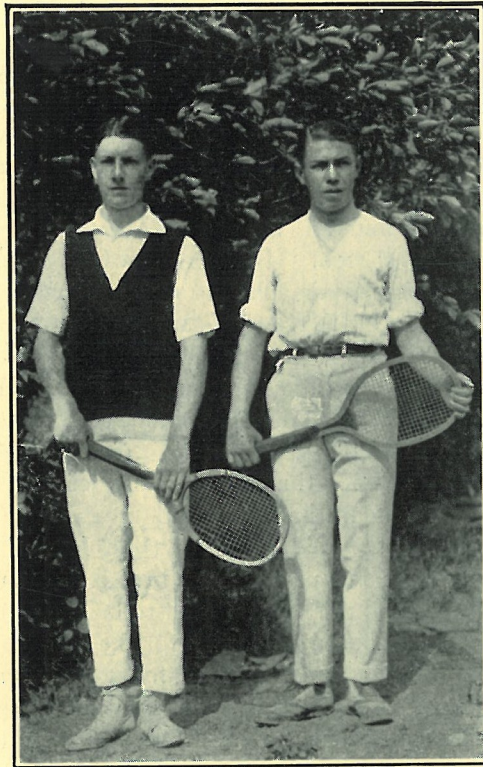
At first they did no more than hold their own in the league-standing, but at the close of the season they were found to be one of the four teams chosen to play off for the championship. The play-off was as follows: Loyola Juniors-McGill Juniors. This was a very closely contested match. Loyola began the scoring, but McGill evened up and then took the lead. At the end of the second period the score stood four to two against us. This looked bad, but by a final spurt our boys evened the score and a winning goal was scored by Leamy when but three minutes remained to play.

The Catholic High team alone stood between them and the League Championship. The first game with Catholic High lasted thirty minutes uninterrupted over time but still ended in a tie. Another game had to be played. The game was played under protest and after Catholic High had won they were disqualified by the league, so that Loyola remained in possession of the Junior City League. After this game Lower Canada champions of the Inter-school League had to be played to decide which team should go to Toronto as representatives of Quebec, to play the winners of the Ontario and Western Leagues. In this game, Loyola Juniors versus Lower Canada College, the L.C.C. boys gave us a surprise by tying the score, and forty minutes overtime play failed to bring about a decision. A few days later we played Lower Canada again, and were defeated by them again in overtime. These two games were the cleanest and most sportsmanlike played in the League, both games being hard fought and close but very clean. Thus, by losing to Lower Canada we could not go to Toronto; but the season from all points of view was very successful.





TAKING HIS STANCE

SENIOR TENNIS CHAMPIONS
Des. Walsh, Pedro Suinaga.

SOME VAULT.



MICKEY

Fifteenth Annual Field Day

MARKED by ideal weather, the fifteenth annual field day of Loyola College, held at the College grounds, proved the attraction for a large attendance of parents and friends of the boys. All of the events contested provided keen competition, with two of the school records falling by the wayside and a number of others being nearly approached.

A. Wendling, with two firsts and two seconds, gained the high senior individual aggregate, that athlete winning the 100 and 220 yards open and getting second in the shot-put, and broad jump. The high individual aggregate for a junior was made by M. Bannon, who won two firsts and two thirds. The latter boy won in the 100 and 220 yards, for boys under 16, and was third in the high jump, under 16, and also finished third in the broad jump, which was open to the school.

A new school senior record for the pole vault was established by D. Walsh in winning that event yesterday when he cleared the bar at 8 feet 8 inches. The old record of 8 feet 4 inches was established in 1917 by P. Bracken, now the Rev. Father Bracken, assistant pastor at Verdun. An interested spectator who witnessed the record-breaking vault was Captain Walsh, of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services and father of the record-breaker.

The other record to be lowered was the junior mark for the 440 yards, which was won by E. Foy in 64 4-5 seconds. The old mark was 1 minute 28 seconds and was set up in 1919 by H. Pangman. This last record was all the more remarkable in that it was run over a grass track, which is also true of several of the other times made in the sprints, among them being Wendling's performance in winning the senior 100 yards in 10 4-5 seconds, and also the work of Bannon in covering that distance in 11 1-5 secs. for boys under 16.

RESULTS.

60 yard dash (under 12)—F. Hogan,

first; H. Burns, second; O. Cherry, third. Time, .10.

100 yard dash (under 14)—E. Foy, first; G. Tynan, second; D'A. Coulson, third. Time, .12 4-5.

100 yard dash (under 16)—M. Bannon, first; E. Cannon, second; H. Pangman, third. Time, .11 1-5.

100 yard dash (open)—A. Wendling, first; Boyle second; W. O'Connor, third. Time, .10 4-5.



100 yard dash (under 12)—F. Hogan, first; G. Lampon, second; H. Burns, third. Time .13 2-5.

220 yard dash (under 16)—M. Bannon, first; H. Pangman, second; E. Cannon, third. Time .25 4-5.

High jump (under 14)—T. O'Rourke, first; G. Tynan, second; F. Elliot, third. Height, 4 feet.

220 yard (open)—A. Wendling first; W. O'Connor, second; Boyle, third. Time, .24 4-5.

Broad jump (under 16)—M. Bannon, first; H. Pangman, second; L. Foy, third. Distance, 17 feet 3 inches.

Shot-put (open)—G. Gleeson, first; A.

Wendling, second; R. McMahon, third. Distance, 42 feet 11 inches.

120 yard hurdles (open)—G. Altimas, first; J. Casgrain, second; F. Villela, third. Time, .18 2-5.

440 yards (under 14)—E. Foy, first; G. Tynan, second; C. Stuart, third. Time, .64 4-5. (New record).

High jump, (under 16)—F. Manley, first; L. Foy, second; M. Bannon, third. Height, 4 feet 9 inches.

High jump (open)—R. McMahon, first; D. Walsh, second; C. Carroll, third. Height, 5 feet.

880 yards (open)—A. Laverty, first; G. Altimas, second; W. O'Connor, third. Time 2.26 2-5.

440 yard dash (under 16)—W. Leacy, first; L. Foy, second; A. Meschio, third. Time, .61 1-5.

Broad jump (open)—R. McMahon, first; A. Wendling, second; M. Bannon, third. Distance, 18 feet 10½ inches.

Pole vault (open)—D. Walsh, first; L. Foy, second; R. McMahon, third. Height, 8 feet 8 inches. (New record.)

440 yards (open)—W. O'Connor, first; G. Altimas, second; D. Walsh, third. Time, .57 2-5.

Three-legged race (open)—Martin and Bland, first; Starr and Curtis, second; Rinfret and Hogan, third.

One mile (open) — G. Mill, first; W. Montabone, second; A. Cunningham, third. Time, 5.20.

Relay race (High School)—Third High, first; Fourth High, second; First High, third.

Relay race (Prep.)—First Prep. B., first; First Prep. A., second.

Old Boys' Race—P. Masse won.





BOARDERS' SODALITY



DAY BOYS' SODALITY

COLLEGE STAFF

TWENTY-FIFTH ACADEMICAL YEAR—1920—1921

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